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the *Journal of the American Medical Association* (JAMA) and the *British Medical Journal* (BMJ).

For the purpose of this study, the JAMA and the BMJ were selected as the most influential journals in the field of general practice. The JAMA is the largest medical journal in the United States and the BMJ is the largest medical journal in the United Kingdom. Both journals are published weekly and are available in print and online formats. The JAMA is published by the American Medical Association (AMA) and the BMJ is published by the British Medical Association (BMA).

The JAMA and the BMJ were selected as the most influential journals in the field of general practice for the following reasons: (1) they are the most widely read medical journals in the United States and the United Kingdom, respectively; (2) they are the most influential medical journals in the field of general practice; and (3) they are the most influential medical journals in the field of general practice.

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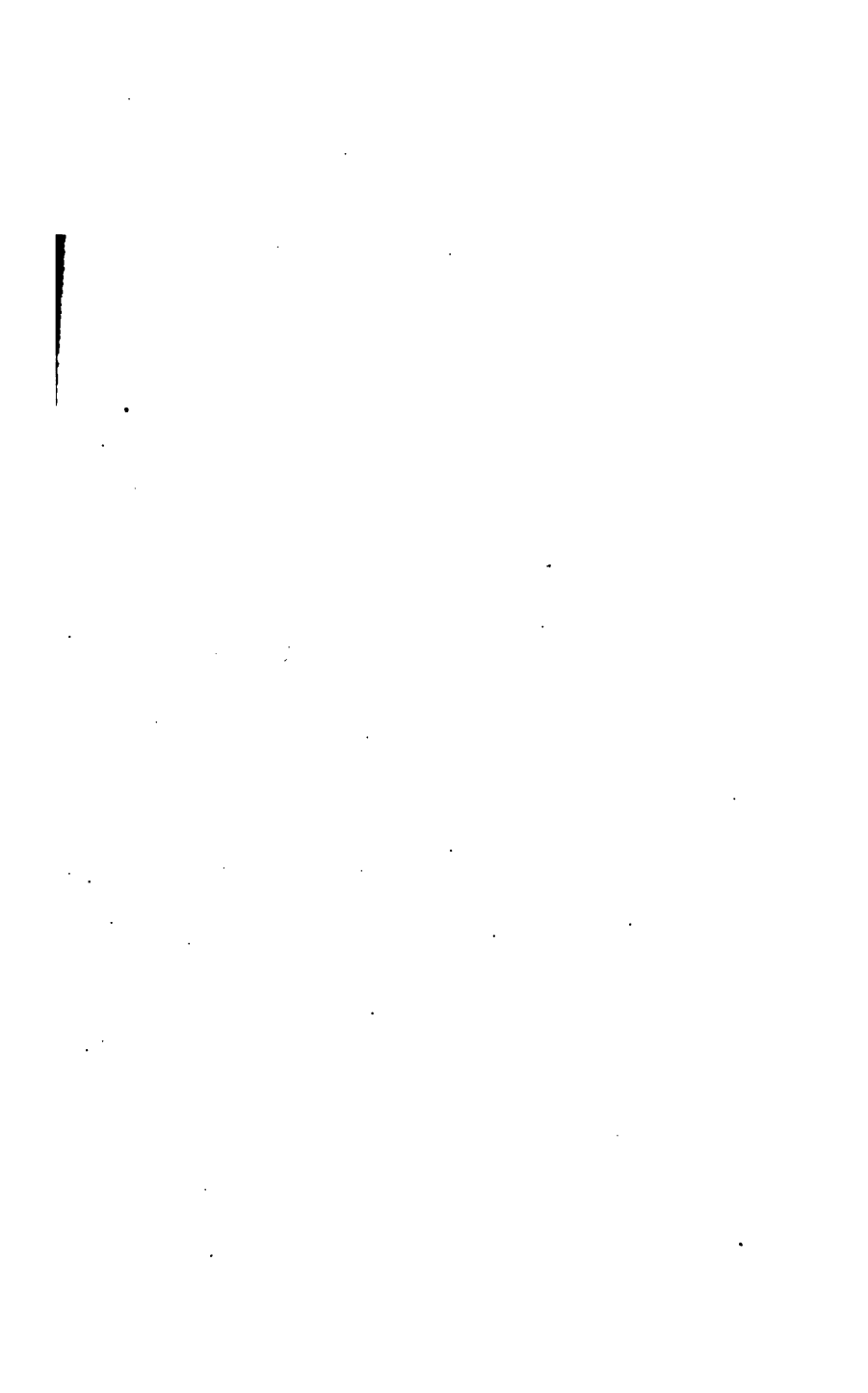
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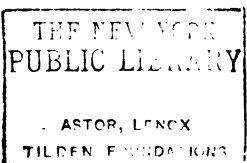
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Irish Lyrics, Songs and Poems.







AN OLD MAN'S TALE.

“The foreman paused, then to the judge a few brief words addressed
(Page 28).



Irish Lyrics, Songs & Poems,

BY
THOMAS C. S. CORRY, M.D.

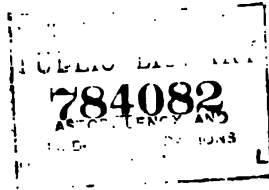
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JULY
1948



Dedication.

TO

RICHARD R. MADDEN, Esq.,

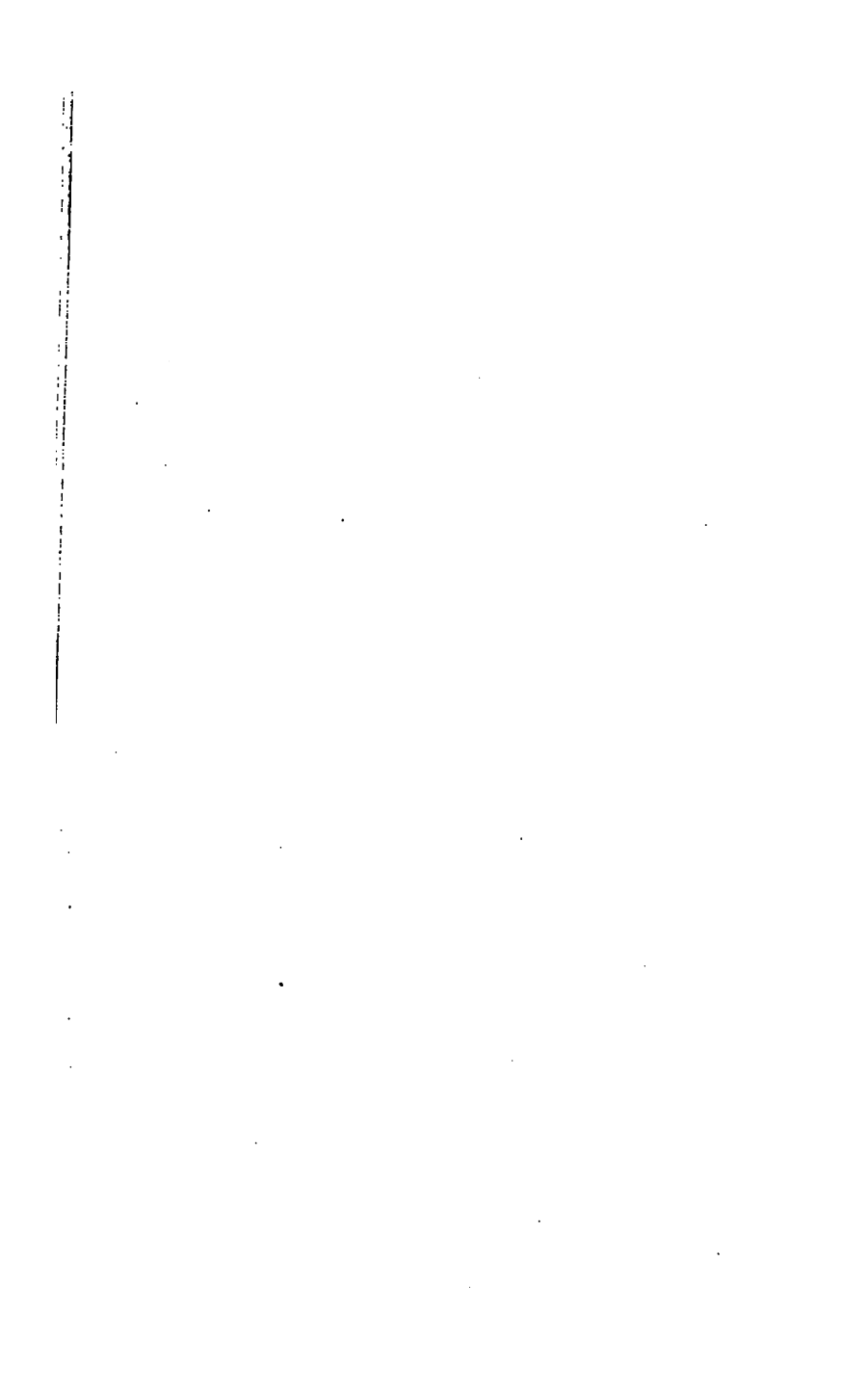
F.R.C.S., ENG.; M.R.I.A.,

*AUTHOR OF "THE LIVES AND TIMES OF THE
UNITED IRISHMEN," AND OTHER WORKS,*

WHICH HAVE DISTINGUISHED HIM IN THE "WORLD OF
LITERATURE," AS A TRUE PATRIOT AND SCHOLAR,

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
HIS SINCERE ADMIRER,

THOS. CHAS. S. CORRY.



3, VERNON TERRACE,
Booterstown,

22nd August, 1878.

MY DEAR SIR,

Having been laid up for some days past, I was unable to assure you it was by no means on account of not duly appreciating your kind intention of dedicating your work to me, that I suggested your dedicating it to some person of more notability. However, if it be not too late to say what I now do, let me assure you I will feel highly honoured by that dedication.

Yours, my dear Sir,

Very truly,

R. R. MADDEN.

Dr. T. C. S. Corry.



P R E F A C E.

MANY of the trifles contained in the following pages were written during intervals of relaxation from professional duties, merely to fill up leisure moments, which might possibly have been more usefully employed ; while some were produced at the request of musical friends, who have honoured my lines by wedding them to very charming lyrical compositions. I am well aware of the responsibility incurred in placing this volume before the public ; but I trust critics will be indulgent, and that if they cannot conscientiously praise its contents, they will at least deal gently with the imperfections of my little collection of original verse.

THOS. CHAS. S. CORRY.

Belfast, 1879.





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The Battle of Antrim :

A REMINISCENCE OF 1798.

ON the 7th of June, 1798, the United Irishmen, under the command of a distinguished leader of the Confederation—Henry Joy M'Cracken, of Belfast—a man well educated, accomplished, and resolute, made an attempt to seize the town of Antrim, and thereby establish communications with the Counties of Down and Donegal, from both of which they expected large additions to their ranks. Antrim was at this time occupied by the 22nd Light Dragoons, Colonel Lumley commander, and the local yeomanry under Lord O'Neill. The insurgents moved towards the town in four columns and afterwards united, forming in the main street, where they were charged by Colonel Lumley's cavalry, which was successfully repulsed with heavy loss—Lord O'Neill being mortally wounded, and the Dragoons retreating in panic and confusion. Scarcely, however, had they proceeded a mile from the town when they were met by strong reinforcements from Blaris camp. Confidence being restored, they returned to the contest with overwhelming force. The United Irishmen fought with the utmost determination, and M'Cracken displayed great bravery on the occasion, but they were ultimately overpowered, with the loss of 500 men. M'Cracken and a few of the beaten insurgents took refuge among the Antrim mountains; he was, however, soon captured, brought a prisoner to Belfast, tried by court-martial, and ordered for immediate execution. The following account of his death is recorded by his sister :—"The time allowed him had now expired ; about five p.m. he was ordered to the place of execution—the old market house—the ground of which had been given to the town by his great-great-grandfather. I took his arm, and we walked together to the

fatal spot. Harry begged I would go. Clasping my arms around him (I did not weep till then), I said I could bear anything but leaving him. Three times he kissed me, and entreated I would go, and fearing any further refusal would disturb the last moments of my dearest brother, I suffered myself to be led away. I was told afterwards that poor Harry stood when I left him and watched me till I was out of sight ; that he then attempted to speak to the people, but that the noise of the trampling of the horses was so great that it was impossible he could be heard ; that he then resigned himself to his fate, and the multitude who were present at that moment uttered cries which seemed more like one loud and long continued shriek than the expression of grief or terror on similar occasions. Preparations were made for immediate burial. I could not bear to think that no member of his family should accompany his remains, so I set out to follow them to the grave. I heard the first shovelful of earth that was thrown on the coffin, and I remember little else of what passed on that sad occasion. He was buried in the old churchyard, where St. George's Church now stands, and close to the corner of the School-house."

"Far dearer the grave or the prison,
 Illum'd by one patriot name,
 Than the trophies of all who have risen
 On Liberty's ruins to fame!"—*Moore.*

Part I.

Tho' old, I still remember well the year of ninety-eight,
 When clouds of death obscured the land, and love gave place
 to hate ;
 When hostile bands throughout the isle swept like a fiery flood,
 And a crushed nation's tears of grief were changed to tears
 of blood.
 For centuries had Ireland groaned, bound by a foreign chain,
 Still her brave sons in sorrow yearned to have their rights again,
 And through the darkness that eclipsed the land which gave
 them birth,
 They sought for Freedom's star, to bless the fairest spot on earth.
 They rose ! but in an evil hour, for spies their secrets sold—

The traitors' hands were red with gore that clutched the
perjured gold—

They fell ! no sculptured tombs point out the graves where
they are laid—

Some sleep beneath the dark green sward, some in the church-
yard's shade ;

But from their martyred dust has sprung to be our shield
and pride,

The hallow'd Tree of Liberty, for which they bled and died.

My father held a little farm not far from broad Lough Neagh,

And mem'ry oft recalls again that bright but fatal day,

When pike and sword in deadly feud flashed in the noontide sun,

And Antrim's peaceful town beheld a battle lost and won.

Nature bedecked in gayest tints serenely smiled that morn,

And summer zephyrs gently fanned the fields of waving corn ;

While fleecy smoke from many cots in curling columns rose—

Homes doomed to blaze with flames of war ere shades of
evening close.

Why beat the drums so hurriedly ? what means the trumpet's
blast ?

While all seems peace, why through the streets stand men with
fear aghast ?

Why fades the rose on beauty's cheek ? why do bright eyes
grow dim ?

And children round their parents' knees start from the morning
hymn ?

Peace reigns no more ! Prepare for war ! Your lives and homes
defend !

Oh, God ! that man should raise his hand against his dearest
friend,

That civil strife, like venom'd snake, should seize and crush
to death

The purest instinct he receives from Him who gave him breath.

In rank and file, with pike and gun, four columns now are seen,

With martial tread they march along, beneath their banner
green ;

From Ballyclare and Randalstown, from Carrick and Belfast,
They come as men who know, perchance, this day may be
their last ;

Now with a shout that rends the air, "Remember Orr" !*
they cry,

And like an avalanche dash on, to conquer or to die.

The columns blending, onward press, M'Cracken at their head,
Tho' hundreds of their gallant band fall numbered with the
dead ;

At length in solid square they halt, prepared the foe to meet,
For Colonel Lumley's Light Dragoons are charging down the
street.

Checked by the pikemen in their course the sturdy troopers
reel,

While, deadlly wounded, on the ground lies Viscount Lord
O'Neill :

Now in disorder, fear and rout, the stalwart horsemen fly,

"Press on ! Press on !" "Remember Orr !" is still the battle
cry ;

"The town is ours ! Let carnage cease," M'Cracken shouts
with glee :

"'Twas nobly won—now rest in peace. See, how their squad-
rons flee !"

* At the Assizes held in Carrickfergus on the 18th September, 1797, William Orr, a respectable farmer, was found guilty (under the Insurrection Act) of administering the oath of a United Irishman to two soldiers of the Fifeshire Fencibles, and received sentence of death. Great exertions were made on his behalf, but the sentence was carried into effect on the 14th October. At the place of execution he declared he was innocent, and hoped his countrymen would bear him in kind remembrance, and continue true and faithful to each other, as he had been to them. His death produced a powerful sensation on the minds of the people, and at the Battle of Antrim the exclamation "Remember Orr !" was used by the leaders of the United Irishmen as a war-cry to excite and stimulate the men under their command.

But soon the dark, black tempest cloud will mask the sun's
bright ray,

And the loud thunder's deafning peal spread terror and dismay:
So fortune's tide, whose fickle wave their dream of conquest
bore,

Retiring, left their stranded hopes upon a friendless shore;
For as, disheartened, Lumley's troops retreated in affright—
Like autumn leaves, toss'd to and fro upon a stormy night—
Their panic soon gave place to joy, which checked their wild
career,

As reinforcements, horse and foot, they saw in haste draw near.
Hope! rage! and shame at their defeat, by turns inspired each
breast,

As Lumley thus, in bitter tones, his vanquished band addressed:
"Turn! and forget your dastard fears; let vengeance be your
aim,

And in the heart's blood of your foes blot out your craven
shame;

With flashing steel and fiery brand, dash on without delay!

Consume the cover that conceals your cursed Irish prey!"

He spoke, and like a mountain flood by mighty torrents fed,

Rolling with overwhelming power to reach its ocean bed,

His maddened troops, now reinforced—swords drawn—with
sullen frown,

Spreading destruction in their wake, rushed on the fated town.

Short, but decisive was the fight—with gore the streets were red,

Vieing in colour with the flames that burst from roofs o'erhead—

Till in disordered, ghastly heaps, the dead and dying lay;

I shudder yet as I recall the horrors of that day.

To turn war's tide, and save his men, M'Cracken strove in vain,

The reeking sabres mowed them down like stalks of standing
grain—

And of the host who bravely fought and gained immortal fame

But few survived, tho' Irish lips shall ever bless each name.

Far in the west the sun recedes to gladden other spheres—
The day is gone, but when shall cease the hapless widow's tears?
When shall the homes now desolate, so lately bright and gay,
Be tenanted by hearts as true as those who've passed away?

Part II.

The roseate summer morn bursts through the sable folds of
night,

And darkness dies as rolls along the golden tide of light.

Alone upon the mountain top, the shaggy heath his bed,

A fugitive, without a friend, a price upon his head :

M'Cracken starts from fevered sleep, and from a hideous dream,

To find that hope has disappeared, like bubbles down a stream ;

For hark ! what sound from out the vale breaks on the outlaw's
ear ?

Men in pursuit, in glitt'ring steel, ascend and now draw near !

The hounds of hell are on his track ! Alas ! he's in their grasp :

His manly limbs they seize, and bind with thong and iron clasp.

They drag him from his mountain keep down to the plain
below ;

With ribald jest they scoff, and mock their proud but hapless
foe,

Till he, who feared not in the field the cannon's deadly roll,

With hectic flush feels their rude laugh pierce through his
inmost soul—

As, when the archer's bended bow propels the fatal dart,

And the winged lightning finds its goal deep in its victim's heart.

They bear him to his native town, 'tis there that he must die,

For love of home and fatherland, upon the gallows high.
Short is the time by man decreed, few are the moments given
To free his mind from earthly cares and fix his thoughts on
Heaven ;

But, tho' his cell is dark and drear a comforter is there,
Ah ! what a mission, what a place, for one so pure and fair !
The Sister he so fondly prized has come his soul to cheer,
In Harry's arms she feels secure—what thought has she of fear ?
Quickly the solemn moments fly, the fatal hour has come,
A sad procession moves along with dirge and muffled drum,
And in the midst, with shackled limbs, but aspect firm and proud,
M'Cracken stately walks along, bless'd by the weeping crowd—
While on his arm, with upturned eyes and cheeks of pallid hue,
There clings that angel comforter, his Sister kind and true.
And now the gallows-tree is seen, high on the market tower,
Whence his curbed spirit soon shall soar far from his captors'
power ;

M'Cracken dashes from his eyes the first unbidden tear,
And turning round, in broken tones, says, " Sister, Sister dear,
Proceed no further ! for the sight would break your bursting
heart—

One kiss, my darling, 'tis our last ! for ever we must part :
I wish (as I have lived) to die undaunted, without dread,
And would not that my foes could boast a single tear I've shed."
One fond embrace—she strives to speak—a deep despairing
groan—

She halts—the crowd moves quickly on, and leaves her there
alone.

At length the mournful *cortege* stops—the hangman, rope in
hand,

Masked and prepared his work to do, in silence takes his stand.
Up the steep path of death, unawed, M'Cracken now ascends !
The noose is fixed—in fervent pray'r a moment then he spends ;
A hurried glance o'er the vast sea of upturned eyes around—

A pause ! his lips are seen to move, but utter ne'er a sound !
He leaps ! a scream bursts from the crowd as if from one huge
breast—
'Tis o'er—and freed from sorrow's pangs, M'Cracken's soul
finds rest !





An Old Man's Tale.

I HELD a farm my father held : his father held the same ;
And if I loved the old green spot, was that a cause for shame ;
The land was once a mountain tract—stony and barren, too—
But golden harvest now was reaped where heather only grew.

I worked from early dawn till late, my children shared my
toil,
And kindly Providence repaid our tillage of the soil ;
We humbly lived, and from our store but little cash was spent,
So that we always had enough to pay the yearly rent.

Our landlord he was just and kind, the tenants liked him well,
He was their friend, he knew each face, and 'mongst them
loved to dwell ;
Tho' rents were low, he never thought to rate the farmers more
For what they held than to his sire their fathers paid before.

And if the wintry frost or blight destroyed the fruitful seed,
His hand and purse were always near to help in time of need ;
His management of the estate was highly praised by all,
No blither peasantry you'd find from Cork to Donegal.

But fairest sunshine has an end—dark night bright day must close—

The good man died, and in his stead another Pharaoh rose :
Around our landlord's honoured grave we stood in silent gloom,
Yet little dreamed our future hopes were buried in his tomb.

The heir to the domain arrived to claim his lawful prize,
'Twas then we felt our welfare found no favour in his eyes ;
When, puffed with pride, to hear our wants he ne'er would
condescend,
'Twas then we knew what 'twas to have, what 'twas to lose a
friend.

Our rent was raised ; well, what of that ? many could say the
same ;

We had reclaimed the sterile sod, and had ourselves to blame ;
By working hard, with frugal care, our dues we still might pay,
So, when in need, to God we prayed hard times would pass away.

We struggled on, 'mid dismal scenes of grief and wild alarm,
We saw old neighbours one by one evicted from each farm ;
Oh ! that the fates had proved less kind, if kindness it could be
To leave us undisturbed to drink the dregs of misery.

I had a daughter passing fair, the youngest child of seven,
She was my pet, she looked so like her mother now in Heaven ;
And every night with smiling face, when daily toil was o'er,
She was the first to hear my step and greet me at the door.

One night I missed my darling girl, for hours she'd not been
seen,
We searched in each secluded nook where Nelly might have
been ;

We searched in vain till morning broke, but brightened not
our care,
We found, too late, that she had fled, but knew not why, nor
where.

Days passed, at length a letter came, in haste I broke the seal,
For well I knew that little note some tidings would reveal—
I read, but as I read each word burned as a coal of fire,
My child had from her lowly home eloped with our new squire.

I swooned, my children gathered round, they thought life's spark
had fled,
Their scalding tears fell on my face like drops of molten lead ;
In fancy I heard frenzied tongues dread vows of vengeance
make—
How could my worn heart beat so loud, so long, and never
break ?

Within a fever ward I pined for many weeks they say,
I heard strange voices near my bed conversing every day ;
In whispers I heard dreadful tales of retribution done—
Oh, God ! I heard them say the squire was murdered by my son.

* * * * *

It was a sunny summer day in a brisk market town,
Men through the streets dressed in their best were walking up
and down,
The sheriff's coach and halberdiers were goodly sights to see,
All things looked gay, save the grim jail, that den of misery.

Into the crowded court I pressed, the judge sat on his chair,
Upon the dock all eyes were fixed, I glanced and saw him there ;
The counsel for the crown arose, and ere he'd well begun,
Each sentence seemed to twist the cord to slay my wretched son.

Slowly the trial dragged along from morn till evening's gloom,
The judge the jury charged, who then retired within their room,
Spell-bound the silent crowd remained, those solemn words to
hear

Whose power my captive son would save, or stretch him on
his bier.

Time glided on, 'twixt hope and dread I felt as one entranced,
At last the jury reappeared, and to their box advanced,
My teeth were clenched, with eager gaze I scanned each juror's
face,

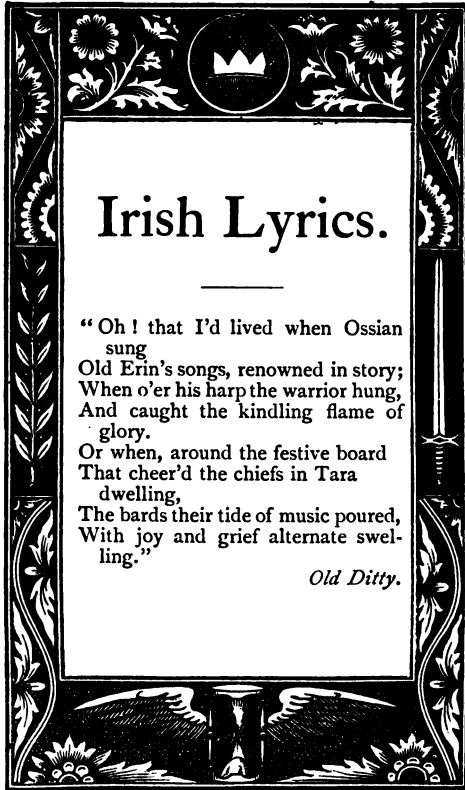
To see if I, as in a glass, could mercy's reflex trace.

The foreman paused, then to the judge a few brief words
addressed,

Quick through the court broke forth applause, which could not
be suppressed ;

Outside the door was heard a roar, as of a mighty sea,
It was the thunder-shout of joy, proclaiming he was free !





Irish Lyrics.

“Oh ! that I'd lived when Ossian
sung
Old Erin's songs, renowned in story;
When o'er his harp the warrior hung,
And caught the kindling flame of
glory.
Or when, around the festive board
That cheer'd the chiefs in Tara
dwelling,
The bards their tide of music poured,
With joy and grief alternate swel-
ling.”

Old Ditty.





Ireland.

OH, Erin ! loved Erin ! though faded thy glory,
Each ivy-clad ruin we prize and revere ;
Though Tara's brave chieftains now live but in story,
The fame of those heroes to us is still dear.

Thy round towers are crumbling away ;
Proud castles sink fast in decay ;
The palace is gone,*
And where beauty shone,
Remains a lone hillock of clay.

On the wintry gale,
Through the dreary night,
Floats the doleful wail
Of the Banshee sprite.

* The Palace of Tara, said to have been founded by Ollamh Fodhla, about 200 years before Christ. Here the kings, chieftains, and bards of Ireland assembled on state occasions ; and here the youth and beauty of the land met together to listen to the soul-stirring melodies of their native country.

But joy, like a sunbeam, shall burst o'er the west ;
The sad cease to mourn and the weary find rest ;
The demon of discord shall fly from thy shore,
And feuds that disgrace thee awaken no more.

The harp, so long silent, again shall be strung ;
Glad songs, as of old, by thy minstrels be sung ;
Past wrongs shall be righted, and all nations see
Our own dearest island the home of the free.

Then shall the purest gem
In Britain's diadem,
Of brightest green,
Sparkle with lustre rare,
While youths and maidens fair
Echo the fervent prayer—
God save the Queen !





Isle of the Shamrock.

THROUGH Erin's Isle,
To sport awhile
Where joys sublime are beaming,
We'll take a flight—
While landscapes bright
In beauty's garb are gleaming—
'Mid sunny vales,
Through flowery dales,
And fields renowned in story,
Tho' nought remains
But grass-grown plains
To tell of former glory.

Isle of the Shamrock, the dear immortal Shamrock,
Where'er we be
We'll cling to thee,
Isle of our native Shamrock.

And as each scene
Of Em'rald green,
In fairest tints is glancing,
Or mountain stream,
In golden beam,

ISLE OF THE SHAMROCK.

Through rocky glen is dancing,
The tuneful lays
Of other days
Shall tinge our souls with sadness,
Or cause the tear
To disappear,
And fill each heart with gladness.

Isle of the Shamrock, the dear immortal Shamrock,
Where'er we be
We'll cling to thee,
Isle of our native Shamrock.



Tara's Hill so Green.

DEAR native land, thy former might hath long since passed
away ;

Where Tara's stately palace stood there's but a mound of clay.
The *Lia Fail* of destiny, on which thy kings were crowned,*
Now marks the spot where heroes sleep, interred in sacred
ground.

The minstrel's voice is hushed in death ; his harp is heard no
more

Within that hall where gladness reigned in happy days of yore ;
But tho' no monument records the glories that have been,
We love the very grass that grows on Tara's hill so green.

Dear native land, now fallen low, thy sorrows we deplore,
And mourn thy sons by wrongs compelled to quit thy cheerless
shore,

And trust that in the " Western World," tho' honoured, loved
and free,

They'll ne'er forget the little isle that lies far o'er the sea ;
But join with us in earnest prayer that brighter days are near,
When clouds that shroud our Fatherland shall burst and
disappear ;

When faction feuds shall cease their strife, and concord reign
serene,

While songs of joy ascend once more from Tara's Hill so green.

* The "Lia Fail," or "Stone of Destiny," so celebrated in Irish History as being that upon which her Kings were crowned, is an object of great interest to all antiquarians who visit the "Royal Hill of Tara." For many centuries it occupied a site known as "the Fort of Hostages," but in the year 1823 it was removed to another position, and now marks the graves of 400 of the united Irishmen of 1798, who fought and fell in the Battle of Tara.

Erin, the Blaze of thy Glory is ended.

DEAR Erin, the blaze of thy glory is ended,
 Proud chiefs lead their armies to conquest no more,
 The bow of thy strength, long in freedom's cause bended,
 Lies shattered and shaftless, a wreck on thy shore;
 Thy strong towers of might, and pure shrines of devotion,
 Where kings dwelt in state, or where monks loved to pray,
 Like worn rocks engulfed in the tempest-tossed ocean,
 The stern waves of time are fast crumbling away.

But stars oft gleam brightly, when night's gloom is drearest,
 To lighten the pilgrim upon his lone way,
 So deeds of past heroes, whose fame we hold dearest,
 Still flash through dark chaos a hallowing ray;
 And may this bless'd meteor like rosy morn breaking,
 Arousing the lark from his sylvan repose,
 Illumine our nation, from slavery waking,
 Great, free and united, the dread of all foes.



Echoes of Killarney.

HAIL dear Muckross ! we draw near,
Pilgrims to that sacred shrine,
Where, within thy crumbling pile,
Yew and ivy leaves entwine.
Ruined cloisters still recall
Forms that long have taken flight,
Tho' their only tenant now
Is the lonely bird of night ;
For thy monks, who sang and prayed,
Sleep 'neath the arbutus shade.

Famed Killarney ! ever grand,
Friends revered may pass away,
Human hopes and joys must fade,
But thy glories ne'er decay.
Mangerton and Tomies still
Tinged with shades of varied hue,
Tower as proudly as when lived
Ireland's great O'Donoghue—
Who still takes his ghostly flight
O'er thy moonlit lakes at night.

Innisfallen ! islet fair,
Where O'Carroll* taught and died ;
Rich in relics of the past—
Fairies' haunt, Killarney's pride.
Here enraptured we behold
Beauty in her sweet repose ;
And inhale the fragrant air,
Perfumed by the mountain rose.
While Ross Castle's shatter'd tower
Tells of Ireland's vanquish'd power.

Lough Leane now recedes from view—
Stern Dunloe appears in sight ;
Cleft as by some giant sword,
Wielded by an arm of might.
Darker grows the sombre scene—
Twilight lingers in the West ;
Silence reigns o'er rock and fell,
Weary nature sinks to rest.
Grateful dew, in genial shower,
Gently bathes each plant and flower.

* Maolsoohan O'Carroll, the spiritual adviser of Brian Boru, dwelt on this island for many years. He was the original projector of one of the most precious of our national records—"The Annals of Innisfallen."



Irish Battle Song,

A.D. 1014.

WITH hearts firm and united
 We'll march to meet the foe,
 Our native land, unblighted,
 No hostile tread should know ;
 With martial trumpets sounding
 We'll seek the battle field—
 Our cry 'mid fight resounding
 " Let's die, but never yield !"

Our crested helms are glancing
 Beneath the sun's bright ray ;
 Our steeds are madly prancing,
 Impatient of delay ;
 The hallow'd flag we cherish
 Now o'er us proudly waves,
 And should we nobly perish,
 'Twill float o'er honoured graves !

My Irish Home.

DEAR isle of the Shamrock, where I loved to wander,
And pluck hawthorn blossoms when hope's dream was young,
Though far, far away, my heart daily grows fonder
Of thy plaintive lays which so oft I've heard sung.

Green, green are thy fields, happy home of my childhood,
Thy daughters are pure, and thy sons brave and free,
Fair land of the mountain, lake, round-tower, and wild-wood,
Though now I'm an exile, my soul clings to thee.

At morn, when the sun through night's darkness is gleaming,
And darting his rays from the east o'er the sea,
Each stream of pure light that so brightly is beaming
Seems wafting a message from Erin to me.

Yet this western world with abundance is flowing,
There's food for the poor, and the weary find rest ;
But though Nature's gifts all around me are growing,
My old Irish home is the spot I love best.



Ivar and Eithne.

During the incursions of the Northmen on the coast of Ireland, Ivar, son of Lochlann, King of Norway, carried off Eithne, the young and beautiful daughter of Covach, Chief of Killarney. Like a tropical flower transplanted to an ungenial clime, Eithne's beauty faded fast away ; and the patriotic melodies of her native land were changed to the wild funeral *keens* of her Irish mountains. Ivar strove in vain, by professions of love and eternal constancy, to remove the load of grief under which she laboured ; but her heart, midst the splendour and gaiety of a Norwegian Court, yearned for the wooded hills and fertile vales of her island home, and was not to be comforted. At length, finding all other means fruitless, he returned with her as his bride to Ireland ; and, having settled at Limerick, was eventually the medium of uniting in bonds of friendship and peace two hostile nations, between whom war and deadly hatred had existed for centuries.

AH ! why are the tears of grief clouding
Those eyes that were once deemed so bright,
Like raindrops in bleak Winter shrouding
The stars that illumine the night ;
And why are thy gay songs of gladness,
Once sweet as a flower-scented breeze,
Now hushed, while thy strains seem in sadness
Like distant wind wailing through trees ?”

Thus spake a Norse knight to a maiden—
A daughter of Erin's green isle—
Whose soul with misfortune was laden,
While care had obscured beauty's smile.—
“Oh ! blame not my anguish, but pity,”
Was then the fair maiden's reply ;
“Tho' wealth may abound in your city,
There's treasure that gold cannot buy.

“A bird, tho' its cage may be splendid,
Will pine for its nest far away,
And sweet notes in sorrow be blended,
As sadly it tunes its wild lay.
So pines this lone heart, as benighted
Apart from my kindred I roam ;
The hopes of my childhood now blighted,
A shadow, my loved Irish home.”

“Adieu !” cried the knight, “to all sorrow,
Let gladness thy lost smiles restore—
My barque is equipped, and to-morrow
We'll sail for thy dear native shore ;
The friends whom you love I shall cherish,
The home you adore shall be mine,
Past feuds and their mem'ry shall perish,
And two friendly nations combine.”



The Green Little Isle.

THERE'S a green little Isle in the ocean,
 A bright gem that sparkles alone,
 'Twas the home of the Arts and Devotion
 When nations now great were unknown.
 I love it with fond adoration,
 For dear is that island to me,
 Tho' sorrow and dire tribulation
 Have sadden'd the land once so free.

'Twas the favoured retreat of the Holy
 When darkness o'ershadowed the world ;
 For 'twas then in this Isle, now so lowly,
 The banner of truth was unfurled.
 And tho' the rude hand of the stranger
 Hath tarnished the gold of its fame,
 Neglected, coerced, and in danger,
 My heart beats for Ireland the same.

St. Lawrence Gate.

(Suggested by Cromwell's Siege of Drogheda, 1649.)

DARK and gloomy is the portal,
Where a massive door once hung—
Darker still tradition's story,
By the peasant minstrels sung :

Telling how, 'mid flames and slaughter—
Emblems of tyrannic hate—
Ireland's dearest blood, like water,
Flowed around St. Lawrence Gate ;

Telling how a gallant city,
Loyal to its rightful crown,
Fell—but the red fire that burned it
Ne'er could tarnish it's renown ;

Telling how a ruthless despot,
Earning Hell's unhallowed fame,
Butchered helpless babes and maidens,
In religion's sacred name—

Sparing neither young nor aged,
Sparing neither sex nor creed—
Handing down, on crimson pages,
Cromwell's foulest, blackest deed !

Laud him then, ye serfs, who honour
Drogheda's remorseless foe !
But, when true hearts meet, in sorrow
Tears for Erin's wrongs shall flow.

The Swelling Sail is now Unfurled.

THE swelling sail is now unfurled
 That bears me to the West,
 Where friendly hands and hearts combine
 To comfort the distressed ;
 But, though an exile from the home
 That was so loved by me,
 My latest breath, O ! Ireland dear,
 Shall be a prayer for thee.

Though sorrow, like the rust of time,
 Hath dimmed my brightest hours,
 And weeds of care have checked the growth
 Of childhood's fairest flowers.
 I'll ne'er forget lost friends and scenes
 That were so loved by me ;
 And my last breath, O ! Ireland dear,
 Shall be a prayer for thee.



Who'll have a Sprig of Shamrock ?

(A SONG FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.)

WHO'LL have a sprig of shamrock green ?
'Twas gathered from the sod,
Where, in dear Ireland's golden days,
Glad feet have oftentimes trod.
St. Patrick bless'd the sacred plant,
And placed it in our care,
So, as a symbol of the truth,
The shamrock now we wear.
Who'll have a sprig ? each little spray
Will virtues rare impart ;
Its spell can charm all care away,
And soothe an aching heart.

Who'll have a sprig of shamrock green ?
If forced from home to stray,
Good Irish songs should glad your ears
Upon this festive day ;
While legends of the grand old Isle
Should be your theme to-night,

Recalling glories of the past,
Like visions fair and bright.
Who'll have a sprig ? each little spray
Will virtues rare impart ;
Its spell can charm all care away,
And soothe an aching heart.

Who'll have a sprig of shamrock green ?
An emblem here you'll find,
That English, Scotch, and Irish hearts
In love should be combined ;
For, as united on one stem
Three tender leaflets grow,
So should the offspring of one race
With friendly ardour glow.
Who'll have a sprig ? each little spray
Will virtues rare impart ;
Its spell can charm all care away,
And soothe an aching heart.



Home.

(WRITTEN AT SEA.)

WHEN gliding on the rolling deep,
 And Erin's isle is lost to view,
 As in our gallant ship we sweep
 O'er the expanse of endless blue,
 'Tis then my restless soul will roam
 Far from the mighty ocean's spray,
 And, 'mid the happy scenes of home,
 I'll think of one now far away.

When darkness spreads her mantle black
 On all above, around, below,
 And in our wake the vessel's track
 Gleams with a phosphorescent glow,
 Fond thoughts of home, a beacon light,
 Will guide me to the break of day,
 As through the watches of the night
 I dream of one now far away.

Ocean Steam-Ship, "Nova Scotian,"

June, 1863.

Isabel.

My loved Isabel, when desponding and lonely,
 With one witching smile can soon banish my care,
 For bright as a sunbeam is she I love only—
 There's none in old Ireland can with her compare.

The tone of her voice, like the wand of learn'd sages,
 Sheds magic that rivets each soul with its spell,
 As legends and lays, culled from Erin's bright pages,
 Gush forth from the lips of my loved Isabel.

The snow-flake is pure, but her mind is still purer ;
 The lily, tho' fair, is not fairer than she ;
 A monarch would barter his crown to secure her ;
 Yet my darling colleen is faithful to me.

Oh ! when she is absent I brood o'er my sadness ;
 When present, my rapture no language can tell ;
 I'd give all the world for each moment of gladness
 I bask in the sunshine of loved Isabel.



A Wait from Sea.

During the famine which prevailed in Ireland in 1847, vast numbers of the unfortunate inhabitants left their native homes, hoping to better their condition in the "New World." The ordinary means of transport being inadequate to afford accommodation for such a multitude of emigrants, vessels of all kinds were called into requisition, and employed in the traffic—many being unseaworthy, and others totally destitute of the accommodation necessary for a transatlantic voyage. The result was that thousands of the unhappy passengers perished from pestilential fever before reaching land, while several ships must have foundered at sea, as they were never heard of after leaving port. A story is told of Dermot M'Donnell, a young farmer in the County Kerry, who being reduced to poverty by the failure of his crops, in order to avoid the fate of many of his countrymen, left his home, and the fond wife to whom he had but recently been wedded, and embarked for America. He felt assured that there he would soon find such a reward for his industry as would enable him to send for the dear object of his attachment, and welcome her to his new abode in the "Far West." Months passed away, but brought no intelligence from Dermot; yet still his poor wife hoped and prayed each night that coming day might be the harbinger of joyful news; but all in vain. At length, about a year after the date of his departure, a bottle was washed ashore on the Donegal coast, containing a brief record of the melancholy fate of the vessel, crew, and passengers. On a scrap of paper hastily written in pencil, were a few words of comfort, and a last farewell from Dermot to his loved Kathleen, from whom he had parted for ever.

"Time passed—still hope was at her heart,
The wilder for despair;
And still she watched along the shore,
And still she prayed the prayer."

Lucy Hopper.

WHEN fortune frowned and hopes proved vain,
Young Dermot left his Irish home,
Across the broad Atlantic main,
Alone, in foreign lands to roam ;

But first his Kathleen's lips he prest,
And strove with smiles to calm her fears—
Breathing glad dreams of joyous rest,
And future bliss undimmed by tears.

“ Oh ! Kathleen, dear,” he fondly said,
“ Let us not grieve at fate's decree
That calls me hence to work for bread,
In sunny climes far o'er the sea ;

“ For ere the twigs on yonder rose
With weight of fragrant bloom shall bend,
From the fair land where cotton grows,
For thee my darling I will send.

“ We'll ne'er repine to leave an isle
Where poverty is deemed a crime ;
Where famine checks the infant's smile,
And want forestalls the hand of time.”

He ceased, and soon with swelling sail,
The ship steered quickly through the deep,
Tho' anguish now could naught avail,
She sought her silent cot to weep.

* * * * *

Spring-time and Summer pass'd away,
But still poor Kathleen wept alone,
Mourning to find at break of day
Night's bright and hopeful visions gone.

At length, with tale of shipwreck drear,
A waif came floating on the tide,
With fond adieu to Kathleen dear—
'Twas Dermot's last before he died.





Awake!

A SONG OF 1798.

Those who live in the present age of civil and religious liberty can with difficulty realise the state of affairs that existed in Ireland when the penal laws were in force. It was during those days of corruption and oppression that, in October, 1791, the Society of "United Irishmen" was formed in Belfast by a number of patriotic individuals, who banded themselves together for the purpose of inducing Government to remove from the Statute Book those enactments that were then carried out with such harshness and rigour. With the disastrous defeat of the Confederacy in 1798, as a matter of history, all are familiar. But Irishmen must ever venerate the memory of those noble-minded men who, upon that sad occasion, forfeited their lives for the love of their country, and who, doubtless, by their efforts in the cause of freedom, then sowed the seed from which their descendants now reap an abundant harvest. The following song was written at the request of a friend, to be introduced into his National drama, "The Insurgent Chief."

AWAKE! a voice is calling now, in accents stern and strong,
Awake! brave sons of "Erin's Isle," why slumber ye so long?
Arise! Arise! hark! freedom's bell is pealing in your ear;
Then seize the flag of Liberty, and plant her ensign here.
Too long enslav'd in servile bonds you've felt the tyrant's rod,
But burst your chains, in faith resolved to place your trust in
God.
Grasp firm your arms and sally forth, the sword of vengeance
wield,
And follow Ireland's chosen chief, Fitzgerald, to the field!

Grasp firm your arms and sally forth, the sword of vengeance
wield,
And follow Ireland's chosen chief, Fitzgerald, to the field !

Think of your martyr'd patriots, their orphans' sighs and tears ;
Think of that wronged but noble host, your gallant Volunteers ;
Think of your country, once the seat of glory and of might,
Whose sun of Nationality has set in darkest night—
Unite in love and harmony ; let feuds for ever cease,
And blend in holy brotherhood of unity and peace.
Then raise a storm whose lightest breath no traitor can with-
stand,
And sweep, like chaff on Winter's blast, oppression from the
land !

Then raise a storm, whose lightest breath no traitor can with-
stand,
And sweep, like chaff on Winter's blast, oppression from the
land !



The Irish Peasant's Adieu.

ADIEU ! far away I must go,
 Alone o'er the dark waves to roam,
 Each pulse of this heart throbs with woe,
 That now I must leave my old home ;

But fear not, tho' fate's sad decree
 Transports me from all I hold dear,
 Ere long I'll return, love, to thee—
 Let hope's star then gleam through each tear.

The bird of the forest will wing
 His flight from the mate he loves best,
 And soar o'er high mountains to bring
 Supplies to his green woodland nest ;

'Tis thus on love's pinions I stray,
 Inspired by thy smiles fond and sweet,
 To search in strange lands, far away,
 For treasure to lay at thy feet.



X

The Box of Specimens.

Visitors to the Giant's Causeway, on their arrival, are sure to be accosted by a host of guides, who proffer their services, and at the same time offer for sale small boxes of specimens collected on the coast. These are very neatly got up, and the amount asked is generally about half-a-crown in the morning; but, as the day advances, and sales become less frequent, the price is proportionably reduced. The following song was written for Miss Nelly Hayes, who, attired as an Irish peasant girl, sang it with great success in the National Entertainment, "Ireland : its Scenery, Music, and Antiquities."

WHO'LL buy a box of specimens just gathered from the strand?
I've Irish diamonds fit to deck the proudest in the land;
With amethysts and jasper too, that sparkle in the light,
And gems that glance like ladies' eyes, with lustre rare and bright;
The price is only half-a-crown, I really wish to sell,
Do buy a box of specimens, from Little Irish Nell.

Then buy a box of specimens, and take me for your guide,
I'll point you out all that's to be seen along the Causeway side;
I'll lead you to the magic well, and to the Giant's chair,

And *all* will surely come to pass you wish when seated there.
Who'll give a shilling for a box ?—I really wish to sell ;
Do buy a box of specimens from Little Irish Nell.

Come buy a box of specimens—when you are far away
They'll call to mind the fairy scenes you've wandered o'er to-day,
In poor neglected Erin's Isle, where beauties rare lie hid,
Like the bright gems in darkness here concealed beneath this lid.
Then, buy a box of specimens—indeed, I wish to sell,
Your kind applause is *now* the price, encourage Little Nell.



The Close of Day.

Suggested by contemplating the Ruins of Monasterboice, at Sunset.

SLOWLY the sun in the West is descending,
 Soft fall his rays on these relics of old ;
 Daylight and even in glory are blending,
 Bathing the landscape in crimson and gold.
 Hark ! from the distant fields voices in gladness
 Chant the loved lays that from youth they've held dear ;
 While time-worn ruins around me in sadness
 Lengthen their shadows so lonely and drear.

(Distant Chorus of Peasants returning from Work.)

Our day's toil is over, we'll seek the sweet rest,
 With which weary children of labour are blest ;
 At home let us linger with those we adore,
 Till morning recalls us to duty once more.

Emblem, alas ! of proud Erin's past splendour,
 Blazing in glory, then fading away ;
 Where are the hearts that combined to befriend her ?
 Gone to the West, like that bright orb of day.
 But tho' downtrodden, with few to bewail her,
 Hopeless in sorrow, long shrouded in night,
 Soon shall glad dawn burst the gloom and unveil her,
 Famed as of old, in her beauty and might.

(Distant Chorus of Peasants.)

And now, ere day closes, a blessing we'll crave
 On friends who are near us, and those o'er the wave ;
 May angels in mercy protect them this night,
 Nor sorrow their visions of happiness blight.

The Canadian Settler's Song.

(FOR ST. PATRICK'S DAY.)

THE last blush of daylight grows dim in the West,
And now we're at home with the friends we love best ;
Come neighbours be seated, I've got some poteen
That ne'er by the eye of a gauger was seen,
We're comrades together, and friendship's more strong
Because we have left the "Old Country" so long ;
So, fill up your glasses with hearty good-will,
We're all from dear Ireland, we all love her still.

Then here's to the friends who are with us to-night,
May sorrow's chill blast ne'er their happiness blight ;
With joke, dance, and song, we'll be mirthful and gay,
And toast dear "Old Ireland," tho' she's far away.

See, here is a letter, came by the last mail,
'Twas Father Moore wrote it—who lives in Kinsale—
Enclosed with good wishes for all of you here,
He sends us a plant which we love and revere—
The "Shamrock of Ireland," by St. Patrick blest,
That springs in the beautiful "Isle of the West ;"
True emblem of Erin, its leaves green shall grow,
When bright flowers around it have long ceased to blow.

Then here's to the friends who are with us to-night,
May sorrow's chill blast ne'er their happiness blight ;
With joke, dance, and song, we'll be mirthful and gay,
Success to "Old Ireland," tho' she's far away.

Derry.

HAIL ! time-honoured city, majestic and pretty,
The glory and boast of our dear Irish soil ;
No dastard shall ever thy green laurels sever,
Nor treachery lurk on the banks of the Foyle.

Past feuds long since ended, all faiths in love blended,
Thy sons, like thy walls, firm united shall stand ;
Should foe e'er invade thee, these heroes will aid thee,
And fight, as of old, for their prized native land.

The maidens of Derry, kind, blooming and merry,
Shine forth, like gay roses that blossom in May ;
Their bright eyes assailing, all art's unavailing,
The boys must surrender and yield to their sway.

May joy's sun beam o'er thee, and friends still adore thee,
Thy citizens flourish, thy commerce increase ;
Where blood flowed like water, 'mid famine and slaughter,
May freedom's brave band plant the olive of peace.





Old Friends.

Off in my boyhood's happy days I've climbed the Hill of Caves,*
And from the old Fort of Mac Art † looked down upon the waves,
To see the little vessels glide upon the bay at noon,
Like fleecy clouds that now and then flit o'er the silent moon.

Long years of toil, of hopes and fears, have passed away since
then,
And those who shared my youthful sports have now become
old men ;
While brightest schemes of future bliss, like bubbles in the air,
Have burst when in their highest flight, and all around seemed
fair.

* The Cave Hill, a basaltic mountain 1185 feet high, overlooking the town and bay of Belfast. Its south-eastern face is very precipitous, and contains three caves formed in the perpendicular rock.

† Mac Art's Fort, erected by the celebrated Irish chieftain of that name, is situated on the summit of the Cave Hill, protected on the one side by a precipice, and on the others by a ditch of great depth. It commands a view of vast extent, variety, and beauty, including the Isle of Man, the mountains of Scotland, and a large portion of the counties of Antrim, Down, Armagh, Derry, and Donegal.

With weary steps, a few days since, I climbed that Hill of Caves,
And from the old Fort of Mac Art looked down upon the waves,
And viewed the little ships—but not the sails of former years,
For they long since had passed away, like childhood's smiles
and tears.

Like early friends, they'd disappeared, and others floated there,
As blossoms fade, and in their stead spring new ones bright and
fair ;
But though fresh flowers yield perfume sweet as those whose
leaves are shed,
New friends can ne'er supply the place of old ones who are
dead.



My Native Isle.

WITH filial tenderness I love
 The Isle that gave me birth,
 That shrine of female purity,
 God's Paradise on earth ;
 I love her ruins, ivy wreathed,
 I love her hills and dales,
 And each sequestered fairy nook
 Concealed in wooded yales.

I love her for her gallant band
 Of heroes, true and brave,
 Who fought, but fell, in holy fight,
 A fettered land to save ;
 And oft I ponder o'er their deeds,
 To weep at their sad doom,
 And with my tears refresh the sod
 That wraps each martyr's tomb.

Then, as I muse on by-gone days,
 I lift my streaming eyes
 In prayer, that from each grassy mound
 A sacred fire may rise,
 To kindle in our souls the torch
 Of patriotic flame,
 And purify, in freedom's blaze,
 Old Ireland's tarnished fame.

By that Cross, my Darling.

(Scene—The Ruins of Monasterboice.)

By that Cross, my darling, I vowed to be thine,
As we knelt together, your hand locked in mine ;
The sun was fast sinking in his crimson bed,
And fancy with gold tinged the fond words we said.
Our hearts were as light as the bright orb of day
That far in the West was then stealing away ;
But shades from those Ruins along the grass rolled,
Denoting the cares that long years should unfold.

Again, by that Cross and those Ruins we stand,
Like tempest-toss'd barques, safely moored to the land ;
All shadows are gone, for the sun is now high,
And smiles a glad welcome far up in the sky.
Then let us forget, dear, our perils now past,
And anchor our hopes far from sorrow's wild blast ;
The hand of "Old Time," true, may furrow each brow,
But tho' youth's charms vanish, we'll still love as now.



To America.

*(Sung in the Apollo Hall, New York, at the opening of the National
Entertainment, " Ireland.")*

WE'VE wandered o'er the ocean wide,
Far from our Shamrock Isle,
And to the West have steered our course,
Where peace and plenty smile ;
We've left behind in Fatherland
Brave heroes, firm and true
As ever trod that sainted sod,
To come and visit you !

And now, arrived at Freedom's home,
We come not here alone,
But bring with us familiar friends,
To Irish hearts well known :
The lakes, the glens, the stately towers,
Oft viewed in days of yore,
Shall glide before you like those dreams
That childhood's hours restore.

WELCOME TO AMERICA.

And, as each gay and beauteous scene,
Though robed in colours bright,
Must change to haunts of loneliness,
As day gives place to night ;
So shall the songs of bygone times
Fall gently on your ears,
To swell your bounding hearts with joy,
Or bathe each eye in tears.

Then come and see the old country,
And bring your children too,
That they may scan those sacred shrines
Revered by each of you ;
And should a patriotic spark
Still in your breasts remain,
Our mission to the Western World
Shall not be made in vain.



Emerald Gems.

"THE Emerald Isle" with goodly gems
 Is richly spangled o'er,
 They sparkle bright, from mountain top
 Down to the sea-girt shore.
 For centuries these gems have blazed
 Beneath the orb of day,
 And like the glory of her sons
 Shall never fade away.

But not alone 'mid landscapes fair
 Do treasures rare abound,
 Within the deep, dark Wicklow mines
 The precious gold is found.
 Like Erin's greatness, now extolled
 In poetry and song,
 Tho' long obscured by ages dark
 Of anarchy and wrong.

And, oh ! there is a priceless gem
 Illumines Irish soil,
 It gilds the mansion of the peer
 And glads the peasant's toil ;
 This jewel sheds alike its rays
 In cot or lordly hall—
 'Tis virtue, shrined in woman's heart,
 The purest gem of all.

Lone was my Heart.

LONE, lone, was my heart, tho' friends gathered and blessed me,
 And wished a God-speed ere I left the "Green Isle"—
 I strove to conceal the deep grief that oppressed me,
 And hide my soul's anguish beneath a forced smile ;
 But vain were all efforts to stifle emotion,
 As sadly I dwelt on the joys of past years—
 I gazed on my lost home, and then on the ocean,
 Till vision was drowned in a torrent of tears.

At length the dread signal for sailing was given,
 When hands grasped in friendship for ever must part,
 Each rope that to native-shore bound me, when riven
 Seemed tearing asunder the cords of my heart.
 Too soon the loved scenes of my young aspirations
 Grew faint in the distance, then faded in gloom,
 Like Erin's past glory, the wonder of nations,
 Now dark as the shadows of night on a tomb.

Long years have rolled on since alone and a stranger .
 I came to the land of the gallant and free,
 Yet oft, in the sad hour of sickness or danger,
 I sigh for the lost friends I never may see,
 And envy those bless'd ones, life's voyage now ended,
 Who slumber in peace in some dear Irish glade,
 And pray that my ashes with theirs may be blended,
 While green shamrocks spring from the sod where I'm laid.



Maiden of Erin's Isle.

MAIDEN of "Erin's Isle," tender and beautiful,
Star of my loneliness, Nature's fair child,
Firm to thine ancient faith, holy and dutiful,
Free as the mountain fawn, sportive and wild.

Dream not of danger nigh, cast every care away,
Trust in the friend who hath loved thee so long ;
Tho' dark the night may be, bright breaks the coming day,
Tuneful with melody, daughter of song.



Dermot.

DERMOT, darling, wherefore linger
Far across the rolling sea?
Brightest day seems dark and gloomy,
When thy smile beams not on me.
Why did cruel fate, that joined us,
Will that we so soon should part?
Hope deferred but feeds the embers
That consume this burning heart.

When at eve I sadly wander
On the lone deserted shore,
And my plaintive sobs find echo
In the ocean's distant roar,
How I long to be that sunbeam
Fading in the golden West,
For I know it leaves to wake thee
Dermot, darling! from thy rest.



Grieted.

AN Irish peasant girl, I've come
To England's favoured shore,
And left my once dear happy home—
To me a home no more ;—
For dark misfortune, 'gainst whose spell
No earthly power could stand,
Hath sent me forth to wander far,
From friends and native land.

Yet, in my brighter days, I was
A mother's joy and pride.
Till famine came, with sickness too ;
'Twas then, alas! she died.
My father sought with fruitless tears
His landlord's soul to move :
But, like a bloodless stone, that heart
Ne'er throbbed with human love.

Had I consented to do wrong
And live in gilded shame,
My parent might have tilled his soil,
And wept a blighted fame ;
But Celtic fire burned in my breast,
The tempter's wiles were vain ;
I heard his tale of proffered aid,
Then spurned him with disdain.

Our cot was razed, our fields laid waste ;
Deep snow lay on the ground ;
While serfs, less piteous than the frost,
Stood moodily around.
Outcasts, we wandered many miles
Some friendly roof to find ;
For Irishmen, though poor indeed,
In poverty are kind.

And when the longed-for shelter came,
My father was so weak,
Benumbed, and frozen by the cold,
Scarce strength had he to speak.—
I knelt beside his bed, and strove
To soothe each dying groan—
In Irish earth his ashes rest,
And I am here alone.



Colleen Bawn.

O Colleen Bawn ! dear Colleen Bawn !
 From thee I ne'er can sever,
 Since happy fate with Love's pure chain
 Hath linked our souls for ever.

The proud may to their vows prove false,
 And smother love's emotion,
 But in our hearts affection's tide
 Flows boundless as the ocean.

Then let us launch our friendly bark,
 And, by soft breezes driven,
 Find in some far off sunny isle
 A home, and earthly Heaven !

Where we may dwell in union sweet,
 Our days together blending,
 And free from sordid care, enjoy
 Peace that shall have no ending.

Young Norah Sleeps.

WITHIN a little rustic vale,
 Washed by the ocean tide,
 Sheltered by hills from Winter's gale,
 We grew up side by side ;
 The Spring-time of our lives flowed on
 Like to a tranquil stream,
 And tho' these days are long since gone,
 But yesterday they seem.

Young Norah sleeps where dark shadows fall
 As the sun in the West is dying ;
 She sleeps, 'tis vain on her name to call :
 'Neath the shamrocks green she is lying.

Soon childhood ripen'd, then came care
 That youth can never know,
 From her I loved with fondness rare
 'Twas willed that I must go.
 Years passed, returned, with hope elate,
 I sought her cottage door,
 To learn, alas ! oh, hapless fate !
 Her voice I'd hear no more.

Young Norah sleeps where dark shadows fall
 As the sun in the West is dying ;
 She sleeps, 'tis vain on her name to call :
 'Neath the shamrocks green she is lying.

Success to Belfast.

LET Englishmen boast of their wealth and good cheer,
 Let Scotsmen their lakes and their highlands revere,
 But no spot on earth can in beauty compare
 With Ireland, the home of the brave and the fair.
 From Kerry's famed mountains to Donegal shore,
 What scenes for the tourist to view and explore ;
 And when he is sated with glories long past,
 We'll show him our own darling town of Belfast.

Then here's to "Old Ireland," the land we love best,
 And dear Northern Athens, the pride of the West,
 Prosperity beams on her, long may it last—
 Success to the Town and the Trade of Belfast !

Her merchants are honored throughout the known world—
 The sails of her ships in all ports are unfurled ;
 In science her colleges take a proud stand,
 Diffusing intelligence over the land.
 Then let us all strive to make Ireland (our boast),
 As free as the billows that break on her coast ;
 And still may this motto be nailed to the mast—
 "Success to the Town and the Trade of Belfast."

Then here's to "Old Ireland," the land we love best,
 And dear Northern Athens, the pride of the West,
 Prosperity beams on her, long may it last—
 Success to the Town and the Trade of Belfast !

Colleen Machree.*

KATHLEEN, darling ! tho' I'm lonely,
 Dear, dear to me
 Is the time you loved me only,
 Colleen machree !

When at early morn together,
 On hill or lea,
 We sat 'mid the blooming heather,
 Colleen machree !

While the lark on high was singing
 Joyous and free,
 In my breast fond hopes were springing,
 Colleen machree !

Then sweet tales of love were blended,
 In youthful glee,
 And our vows to Heaven ascended,
 Colleen machree !

But thou'rt gone, far, far to wander
 O'er the dark sea,
 Yet my breaking heart grows fonder,
 Colleen machree !

Though in vain I weep and languish,
 Mourning for thee,
 Time can ne'er dispel my anguish,
 Colleen machree !

* Girl of my heart.



The Mirage.

Guides at the Giant's Causeway have many wonderful stories and legends to relate in reference to this marvellous locality. Not the least extraordinary is the account they give of a Fairy Island, which is occasionally to be seen from the coast. This beautiful Islet, tinged with the departing rays of the setting sun, is a sight (they say) once witnessed, never to be forgotten, as it appears studded with Round Towers, Castles, and other remnants of antiquity, surrounded by the richest foliage. From its fancied proximity to the mainland, it seems of easy approach, and several daring fishermen have endeavoured to visit its enchanted shore. The result, however, has always proved fatal, for the Isle invariably recedes from the advancing sail, till at length it disappears in the shades of night; and in no instance has the adventurous boatman or his bark been heard of afterwards.

AN Islet at times near the Causeway's wild shore,
Unrivalled in beauty, at sunset is seen,
Where ivy-clad round towers, those temples of yore,
Seem wreathed in rich foliage of emerald green.

But woe to the boatman who launches his bark,
And bounds o'er the waves this fair Isle to explore,
The phantom he follows grows distant and dark—
The boat and her steersman are heard of no more.

And this oft, alas ! is the patriot's fate,
Who, lured by a vision, entranced by a dream ;
Alone on the billows of discord and hate,
Regardless of danger, pursues his fond scheme.

He sees but the laurels by valour achieved ;
The bright star of Liberty beams through the gloom ;
But finds, tho' too late, when by false hopes deceived,
The pathway to glory oft leads to the tomb.



Farewell to Belfast.

THE hour has come when I must bid
 A long and last adieu
 To scenes revered from infancy,
 And friends beloved and true ;
 But though far off, to distant lands
 My footsteps now must roam,
 I'll ne'er forget thy hills and glens,
 My own dear Irish home.

The rolling prairies of the West,
 Though beautiful and rare,
 Sparkling in Nature's brightest tints,
 Can not with thee compare.
 And, as my bark shall swiftly glide
 O'er the Atlantic foam,
 I'll drop a tear for dear Belfast,
 My own loved Irish home.

Irish Serenade.

OH ! Mary, my darling, I'm waiting for you ;
The night it is cold, and I'm damp with the dew ;
The stars they shine brightly far up in the sky,
But not half so bright as the glance of your eye—
For tho' that same eye is as dark as the sloe,
It sparkles like crystals of pure virgin snow,
And one witching beam which that orb can impart
Will send a glad ray to the loneliest heart.

Oh ! Mary, my darling, my wealth may be small,
But were I a monarch 'tis you should have all—
I'd robe you in vestments of silver and green,
And crown you with jewels, my own Irish queen.
Then come, dear, the moon that shines o'er us this night,
Shall witness the fond vows of truth that we plight ;
And oh ! may our blessings received from on high
Outnumber the gems that now spangle the sky.



The Fun that Pat was Making.

OCH ! Pat Magee he courted me,
And won my young affections,
For sure no finer boy you'd see,
So who could have objections ?
But when to saucy Kate O'Toole
Soft things I heard him spaking,
Says he, my dear, don't be a fool :
'Twas fun that I was making.

So tender were the words he spoke,
No Irish girl could doubt him,
To me it seemed an idle joke,
That I could live without him ;
But when in dread of long delay,
I hinted fond hearts breaking,
In hopes he'd name the wedding day,
Said he, its fun you're making.

THE FUN THAT PAT WAS MAKING.

One Summer morn I sat alone,
The birds were gaily singing,
When suddenly, with merry tone,
I heard the church bells ringing—
For Pat had wed, Oh! cruel fate,
The rival colleen taking;
'Twas then I learned with saucy Kate,
The fun that he'd been making.

So girls dear don't be led astray,
Nor let the boys desave ye,
They'll swear they dearly love to-day,
To-morrow they will lave ye;
Have ten strings to your bow, and don't
On one your faith be staking,
And then you'll find the fellows won't
Of you much fun be making.



Mary, the Pride of Belfast.

'Tis said by the Bards, if the truth they are telling,
That fairies of old sought in Ireland a dwelling,
'Mid scenes of enchantment to frolic and gambol,
Or through Nature's wilds unmolested to ramble ;
And one beauteous fairy—reflex of the past—
Is my brown-eyed Mary, the Pride of Belfast.

She's bright as a sunbeam, and pure as the fountain
That flows, like clear silver, down dark Devis mountain ;
Her smile is a charm to dispel gloom or sadness,
It hallows each heart with a radiance of gladness ;
In form fair and faultless, in wit unsurpassed,
Is my brown-eyed Mary, the Pride of Belfast.

Then here's to the Isle so long famous in story
For beauty unsullied, and brave deeds of glory ;
May peace, love, and pleasure, on one stem united,
Still spring from her soil, like the shamrock unblighted ;
And ne'er may misfortune its dark shadow cast
On my brown-eyed Mary, the Pride of Belfast.

The Irish Sutler Girl.

AN Irish sutler girl, I rouse my friends at dawn,
 With sound of fife and drum so loud and clear ;
 The lads of our Brigade, they never were afraid
 To meet their foes, but charge them with a cheer.
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
 Forward ! brighter days will come,
 When our native land shall be happy, prosperous, and free,
 Then merrily we'll sound the fife and drum.

Too long has faction wild our fondest hopes beguiled,
 And discord filled our Shamrock Isle with shame ;
 But deadly feuds shall cease, and all unite in peace,
 To blazen to the world old Ireland's fame.
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
 Forward ! brighter days will come,
 When our native land shall be happy, prosperous, and free,
 Then merrily we'll sound the fife and drum.

So let us all engage, no longer war to wage
 With friends, but wait and keep our powder dry,
 Then should a foreign host e'er land upon our coast,
 We'll march along and quickly make them fly.
 Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching,
 Forward ! brighter days will come,
 When our native land shall be happy, prosperous, and free,
 Then merrily we'll sound the fife and drum.



Phelim's Courtship.

OCH ! Norah, my jewel, now isn't it cruel
To slight your poor Phelim, whose love is so true ?
I feel quite benighted, my young hopes are blighted,
Bedad I'm half crazy, and all about you.
You know it's myself dear, would gladly, without fear,
Dash boldly through water or flame for your sake ;
Then deign but a smile love, my grief to beguile love,
And say one kind word, or this fond heart must break.

Sure, Norah O'Hagan, along with Mick Regan
I heard you were dancing at Ballibay fair,
Faith had I been present, in tones not quite pleasant,
This stick would have tould Mick that Phelim was there.
Then, there's Tim O'Reilly, whose eyes squint so vilely,
That dogs bark and quickly run out of his way ;
Besides Teddy Glover, your tall knock-kneed lover,
With legs like bent sugarsticks on a hot day.

There's Barney the nailor, and Murphy the tailor,
And Jenkins the gauger, from Monaghan town,
And long-nosed M'Carty, another fine party—
Take one of the lot and you'll soon be done brown.

But why should I mention these seeds of contention ?

Girls' tastes are uncertain, and change with the wind,
They'll fill one with blarney (like far-famed Kate Kearney),
And flirt with a dozen if so they're inclined.

'Tis said love is blind dear, so make up your mind dear,

And banish all other boys out of your sight,
Stop billing and cooing, the way you've been doing,

And take me for life, then you'll find you've done right.

But mind what I'm saying, I'll have no delaying,

So just let your answer be plain yes or no ;

Then if you'll not marry, no longer I'll tarry,

But wed every girl in the village below.



Carry Malone, of Killarney.

Sung by Miss Carry Henry, in the character of a Milk Girl, at the Princess' Theatre, Edinburgh.

I'm Carry Malone, the "Green Isle" I adore,
 I live in the town of Killarney,
 From Cork to Coleraine and the Causeway's wild shore,
 I'm famed for my brogue and my blarney.
 I've iligant milk in this nate little jar,
 Likewise some poteen from the mountain,
 Distilled in the moonlight, and brighter by far,
 Than spray from the Torc's crystal fountain.

Then here's to dear Erin, the happy and free,
 Success to her sons and her daughters ;
 Her boys' arms are strong to resist every wrong,
 Her girls' hearts are pure as her waters.

If foot-worn and weary you're anxious for rest,
 Goat's-milk and poteen will restore ye ;
 If fortune hath frowned and your soul is depressed,
 They'll banish the clouds that hang o'er ye.
 If smitten by love, and the maid prove untrue,
 Don't grieve, for one lost you'll gain twenty ;
 Just moisten your lips with the rale mountain dew,
 Of sweethearts you then may have plenty.

Then here's to dear Erin, the happy and free,
 Success to her sons and her daughters ;
 Her boys' arms are strong to resist every wrong,
 Her girls' hearts are pure as her waters.

If scorched by the heat of the sun's burning ray,
My draught you will find cool and pleasing ;
If chilled by the cold on a bleak Winter day,
'Twill warm and prevent your limbs freezing.
Then who'll have a draught of sweet-milk and poteen,
Sarved up with a bit of the blarney ?
And pray don't forget your own Irish Colleen,
Young Carry Malone, of Killarney.

Then here's to dear Erin, the happy and free,
Success to her sons and her daughters ;
Her boys' arms are strong to resist every wrong,
Her girls' hearts are pure as her waters.





Barney M'Cann.

SURE 'twas Barney M'Cann was a dacent young man,
His equal you'd not often meet at a fair ;
The girls all loved Barney, his coaxing and blarney,
While each wished his snug little cabin to share.
But tho' wild oats shedding, he'd no thought of wedding,
Till fate threw young Kitty Molloy in his way,
Her bright eye, no joker, was like a hot poker,
And burnt a big hole in his heart that same day.

Then Barney, the creature, with love in each feature,
To meet his dear Kitty would oftentimes repair,
When day's toil was over, through fields of sweet clover,
To where with the cows her fond smiles he might share ;
For sprightly and gaily to milk she went daily,
Nor grieved for the mischief her dark eyes had wrought.
Some girls even hinted (with slight envy tinted),
Her pride for the fine fish her sly net had caught.

Thus Barney pursued her, met, courted and wooed her,
But ne'er had the courage to ask would she wed,
Until in a drame sure, his own Kitty came sure,
One night like a ghost, to the side of his bed :

Saying "Barney, dear Barney, stop nonsense and blarney,
And ask me to marry, if you're so inclined,
For if your intention you don't quickly mention,
Some boy that will plaze me I'll very soon find."

Alarmed at this warning, the very next morning
Poor Barney rose early his Kitty to see,
Soft words he put slyly, and she answered shyly,
"If mother says yes, Barney, yours I will be."
Says Barney with joy then, to Mrs. Molloy then,
As she sat before the turf fire at her aise,
"With Kitty I'm willing to spend my last shilling,
So give your consent that we wed, if you plaze."

Then Kitty's ould mother a cough strove to smother,
And proudly addressing young Barney she said,
"The boy must be able to count on this table
His wealth, ere with my darling Kitty he'll wed."
Then quick as a rocket, from out of her pocket
A purse full of guineas the ould woman drew,
Saying, "now, as her lover, if you can each cover,
This gold as her dowry I'll give unto you."

Like bull-dog that's muzzled, poor Barney felt puzzled,
For sorra a guinea had he got to show,
Till one glance of pity from his beloved Kitty
Aroused the fond hopes that were sinking so low.
"If that's all you ask me," says he, "it won't task me,
I'll cover your guineas and do it right pat,"
So blithe as a linnet, in less than a minute,
He covered them all with his broad-brimmed straw hat.



Miscellaneous Poems.

A garland twined from varied waifs
and strays :

The flowers of thoughtless youth and
later days.





The Prince of Wales' Visit to India :

A REVERIE.

Part I.

THE MUTINY.

I HAD a dream of regions far away,
Where endless Summer reigns in beauty rare,
Where countless flowers their richest tints display,
And breathe sweet incense on the balmy air ;
I marked each stately mosque and gilded dome,
Like burnished gold, blaze in the noonday sun—
Enchantment revelled in her Indian home,
All visioned joys seemed blended into one ;
Music, like whispered vows of plighted love,
Faint as the murmur from a hollow shell,
Borne on the gentle breeze from hills above,
Stole o'er my senses with its dulcet swell.
But hark ! what means that wild discordant shriek,
Clouding the spotless mirror of my dream ?

What direful deed does that dread sound bespeak,
That freezes in each vein life's sanguine stream?
Treason, rebellion, massacre, and death!

O God! is there no helping hand to save
From ruthless steel and muskets' fiery breath
England's fair daughters and her sons so brave?
Despairing cries for mercy come too late!

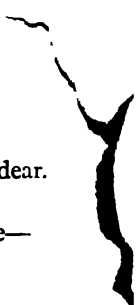
Like savage tigers bursting from their lair,
Remorseless Sepoys, mad with venom'd hate,
Rush on the helpless victims they ensnare.
As the tornado's blast, which shakes the earth,
Alike rends sturdy oak and tender flower,
Men, maidens, children, crushed by one fell stroke,
Fall mangled martyrs to malignant power!

Then all was still—and Nature, as before,
Smiled on the scene through an unbroken sky;
I woke to life, the dream of death was o'er—
'Twas but the reflex of dark days gone by.

Part II.

THE ROYAL VISIT.

I dreamt again, upon the moonlit deep
A noble ship through Arab waters sped;
O'er the smooth sea I saw her swiftly sweep,
Britannia's ensign floating at her head.
With olive branch from the far Western Isles,
To India's coast a Royal Prince draws near,
Leaving behind, 'mid hopes and tearful smiles,
Those treasured ties, to him most loved and dear.
Vain sordid pride, ruling by laws unjust,
Had long since ceased to be an empire's bane—



Rebellion's embers, smouldered into dust,
Were scattered to the wind like husks of grain.—
'Tis day, and from a thousand tongues of fire
A regal salutation rends the air,
While jewelled Rajahs, robed in rich attire
To meet their Chief, in royal pomp prepare.
And now upon the stately barge he stands,
And views with pride the orient display;
And now on British-Indian soil he lands,
By cheers and salams welcomed to Bombay.
'Twas then, with lightning speed, o'er hills and dales,
Vibrating in each breast like thunder's sound,
Flashed the glad news that England's Prince of Wales
In Hindostan a kingly greeting found.
Fawn-like, young Parsee maidens now appear,
Bright as the flowers they as a tribute bring;
With garlands gay, as Peris, they draw near,*
To wreath the neck of India's future King.

SONG OF THE PARSEE MAIDENS.

Welcome ! great Rajah, from off the black waters,†
Hail ! mighty Chief, from the Isles of the Sea ;
Veda's glad maidens, fair Ind's Parsee daughters
Hasten to greet and do homage to thee !
Garlands of roses, with jasmine entwining,‡
Wreathed flowers we offer, whose charms never die ;

* Peris—Flower loving nymphs of the air, who exist upon perfumes.

† The Arabian Sea, called by the natives "the big black water."

‡ The rose by the Ancients was dedicated to Aurora—"the rosy-fingered Aurora," as the emblem of youth ; to Venus, as an emblem of love and beauty ; and to Harpocrates, the god of silence, as an emblem of secrecy. From the latter circumstance originated the custom of suspending a rose over the heads of the guests at feasts, when it was intended that what passed should be private ; from this custom originated the phrase, "sub-rosa," "under the rose," to designate secrecy

Shedding fresh perfume, in radiance outshining
All, save our Sun's sacred lamp in the sky.
Welcome ! great Rajah, fell treason discarded,
Voices unnumbered thy deeds shall proclaim,
While in brave hearts England's Crown shall be guarded,
Safe as the light of our pure Behram flame.*
Then, tho' this glimpse of thy sunshine be ended,
Loyalty's torch in each bosom shall burn,
And from our beach, when day's orb hath descended,
Prayers shall arise for thy speedy return.

* * * * *

My vision now a broader aspect wore,
Tho' India's golden land was still its theme,
And England's Prince, triumphant as before,
Was still the chosen hero of my dream.
Like a Kaleidoscope, where mirrored rays
Of everchanging beauty glad the sight,
Or fancy-painted scenes of youthful days
Pictured in varied tints when hope was bright,
Change upon change in quick succession ran—
Now 'twas the cave of Elephanta's Isle,
Now 'twas the gilded dome and gay divan,
Mellowed by music's strains and beauty's smile.
Now fancy wandered with unfettered wing,
O'er jungle wild, where savage monsters roar,
Now to Parbutty heights, now to that spring
Whose waters Hindoo worshippers adore.
Ceylon, the favoured "seat of Paradise,"
Enshrined in verdure now burst on the sight,

* The Parsees reverence two kinds of fire, the Adaran, which may be beheld by vulgar eyes, and the Behram, which is carefully protected from the rays of the sun, and can be seen only by the chief Dustoor or priest.

Where wooing zephyrs, redolent of spice,
With groves of spreading palms repose invite.
Madras, and Fort. St. George at length were neared,
Then 'twas the River Hooghly, on whose bank
Calcutta with her palaces appeared,
That proud emporium of wealth and rank.
While, through the land, honoured, and blessed by all,
England's loved Prince filled loyal hearts with glee,
Till India's cities, plains, and mountains tall,
Rang with enraptured praise from sea to sea.
Then slowly in my senses grew the thought,
Obscure at first, till shaped in reason's mould,
That kindly actions to their donor brought
More happiness, than coffers filled with gold.
The hand of kindness is a weapon keen,
Sharper than deadly blade of tempered steel,
By its sole power more conquests there have been,
Than ever graced the Roman Victor's wheel ;
The hand of kindness conquers *all* by love,*
Disarms revenge and soothes the bed of pain,
'Tis God's own talisman from Heaven above,
'Gainst it the powers of evil strive in vain.

* "Omnia vincit amor, nos cedamus amori."



Hushed are those Lips.

HUSHED are those lips which once breathed tales of love,
 Silent in death, neglected and alone ;
 Crushed in her beauty lies the stricken dove,
 Without a friend, uncared for and unknown.

Torn from that home of which she was the gem,
 Ere budding spring gave place to summer's bloom ;
 Plucked like a blossom from the parent stem,
 Withered and dead, no refuge but the tomb.

Where is the man whose perjured vows and wiles
 Allured to sin this hapless child of clay ?
 Gone—and the dazzling sunbeam of his smiles,
 That shone so bright, hath long since passed away.

Ruined, neglected, not one warning voice
 To guide her footsteps back to virtue's road ;
 Deceived by him who'd been her early choice—
 Of hope bereft, she rushed to meet her God.

Cold was the river into which she sprang,
 But colder far the heart that drove her there,
 To end, 'neath its deep flood, the deeper pang
 Of conscience, madly goaded to despair.

Then lay her gently in the peaceful bed
 Where sorrow and misfortune sleep at last,
 Nor judge too harshly of the silent dead,
 But with a veil of pity shroud the past.



Shakspeare Tercentenary—1864.

On the 26th of April, 1564, the parish clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, a little town in Warwickshire, made in the parish register the following entry of a baptism :—

1564.—April 26th, *Gulielmus, filius Johannes Shakspeare.*

By some process of retrospective computation, it has come to be generally accepted that the child so christened was three days old at the time his baptism was registered in the parochial records of Stratford-on-Avon, and the civilised world now concurs in regarding the twenty-third of April as the authentic BIRTHDAY OF WILLIAM SHAKSPERE.

OF the vast crowd that figured on life's stage,
When o'er this realm a maiden Queen held sway,*
Brief are the records on historic page
To note the deeds of those long passed away.

A few, like brilliant stars on a dark sky,
Have pierced with dazzling rays the clouds of night,
Leaving behind names that shall never die,
And on their country shedding lustre bright.

* Queen Elizabeth.

And one of these bright stars shines forth so clear,
That in his presence all seem pale and dim ;
His name to English hearts shall still be dear,
For England's glory still was dear to him.

Three centuries have mingled with the past,
Strong towers have crumbled into ruins grey ;
Proud dynasties have to the dust been cast,
Since April smiled on Shakspeare's natal day.

Whether his years flowed as a tranquil stream,
Ending too soon in death's eternal sea,
Or, like "the turmoil of a troubled dream,"
Were crossed by care, is now a mystery.

Of his life's story there is little known
Save that he loved his native Stratford well,
And, ere the autumn of his days had flown,
Retired, in sweet seclusion there to dwell.

And when in death's eclipse his sun had set—
While throne and cot were plunged in deepest gloom—
Lamenting friends in holy conclave met
To bear his ashes to a peaceful tomb.

But, though to earth the casket was consigned,
In undisturbed repose through time to lie,
The dazzling brilliants of his giant mind
Flash through our souls with fire that ne'er shall die.

Like a deep mine where priceless gems lie stored,
Yielding rich dower to those who there explore,
The pages of his precious works afford
Jewels more bright than princes ever wore :

Blossoms that fade not, culled with passing care
From fancy's field, where flowers and weeds grow wild,
Twined into garlands, shedding fragrance rare,
By the skilled hands of Nature's gifted child.

Then let the bells of merry England chime
A joyful peal in honour of his birth,
And gentle breezes waft to every clime
Our nation's tribute to his matchless worth.

What need of monument to tower on high ?
Or sculptured bust to blazon forth his name ?
A stately column, piercing to the sky,
Could add no lustre to immortal fame !



Faded Flowers.

One bright summer morning, having strayed into the Cemetery attached to St. John's Church, Manchester, my attention was attracted to a grave where an interment had recently taken place, the monumental covering of which was concealed by a profusion of the choicest exotic flowers, artistically arranged into various emblematical devices, evidently the work of sympathising hands. I was so much struck with the sight, that the same evening, accompanied by a friend, I revisited the spot, but alas! all the charm and freshness of morning had vanished, while naught remained but the scorched and withered relics of what, a few hours before, had been so fair and beautiful.

I stood by the grave of the loved-one at morning,
 And viewed the bright flowers, there by pity's hand laid ;
 In sorrow I thought of the form below sleeping,
 Unmoved by the tribute affection had made.
 I stood there again, when the sun was declining,
 But all the fresh fragrance of morning had fled ;
 The flowers in their beauty I gazed on at daybreak,
 Ere night's dew descended were withered and dead.

'Tis thus, in the dawning of life, we rejoice in
 The bloom which conceals the dark tomb of the past,
 And dream that those flowers that in fancy are blushing,
 In beauty around us, for ever shall last.
 But even approaches, and then we discover
 That hope's early buds, which at morn seemed so gay,
 And perfumed so sweetly the glad hours of childhood,
 With youth's passing sunshine have faded away.



Gustavus Vaughan Brooke.

A DIRGE.

This eminent tragedian perished in the ill-fated steam-ship London, which foundered in the Bay of Biscay, on the afternoon of the 11th January, 1866, when only 19 persons were saved out of 290 supposed to have been on board. On this trying occasion he conducted himself with the utmost bravery, working incessantly at the pumps, even when hope was all but vain. Mr. Brooke was undoubtedly a great man, and, perhaps, it may have been that nature designed him for the premier position among his contemporaries. Actors like poets, it is said, are born, not made; and he was most prodigally endowed by nature. His fine manly *physique*, his commanding and majestic bearing, his expressive countenance, and above all; his intellectual powers, marked him for the stage. Mr. Brooke was very early regarded as one of the first rank in his profession, and it may be mentioned that he was a remarkably "quick study," so powerful was his memory. To the theatre-going public of these countries he was well-known, and to speak of his public reputation would be to repeat a greatly more than thrice-told tale. Mr. Brooke was educated for the Bar; but at an early age his *penchant* for the stage interfered with the intentions of his friends. He attracted the notice of Mr. Macready in Dublin, where he first appeared. His *debut* in London created quite a sensation, and the affluence of his gifts, as manifested in his natural and original acting, procured for him a long run of success. In Australia he amassed great wealth, tried the experiment of managing a theatre, and lost all. He was returning in the hope of reaping the reward

to which he was entitled for what he had done for the drama in that distant land, when he met his tragic fate. His private character was that of a gentleman and a man of honour—a character which, in all the vicissitudes of fortune to which he was exposed, he invariably maintained. His last public appearance was on Saturday evening, December 23rd, 1865, when he represented *Richard the Third*, at the Theatre Royal, Belfast. A few play-bills of this memorable occasion are still preserved as treasured relics by their fortunate possessors.

TIME's short drama now is ended,
Immortality's begun ;
Deep in ocean bed is sleeping
Ireland's loved and gifted son ;
Thousands here in sorrow grieving
Weep a brother from them torn ;
Brightest eyes with tears are streaming,
Manly hearts in sadness mourn.

Who can paint that hour of anguish
On the doomed and sinking wreck,
When all earthly hope had vanished,
And mute horror strode the deck ?
Yet he toiled, tho' vain was labour ;
Powerless human arm to save ;
Death was hov'ring o'er his victims,
Ocean yawned to form their grave.

Few survive to tell the story,
How upon that fatal day,
A brave ship, 'mid direful wailing
Sank in Biscay's dreaded bay ;

Sank beneath the raging waters
 Bearing hundreds to their doom ;
While the tempest, madly roaring
 Shrieked a wild dirge o'er their tomb.

Errors passed are all forgotten,
 Virtues now alone appear ;
Choicest gems in darkest setting
 Shine more brilliantly and clear.
Brooke has passed away for ever !
 But our lips shall name with pride
One who, in that hour of terror,
 Feared not death, but nobly died.



Love.

O ! STARTLE not the first approach of Love,
 Gliding on noiseless wings through genial bowers ;
 Wafting ambrosial sweets from Heaven above,
 To crown with cloudless joy our mortal hours.

Oft hath a glance, or word in coolness spoken,
 Severed the stem which bore Hope's budding flower,
 Leaving a wreck the heart that it has broken—
 A mournful relic of Love's fatal power.

How many brilliant dreams of happiness
 Have faded into dark and endless night,
 When one kind word had led to years of bliss,
 Gilding our future days with lustre bright.

Then chide not, when from falt'ring lips expressed,
 The tale of love is whispered in thine ear ;
 But soothe by gentleness to tranquil rest,
 The soul exhausted by a weight of fear.

Remembrance.

OH ! tender and gentle as eve's dew descending
On Spring's fragrant blossom when day sinks to rest,
Are tears sadly streaming, as o'er relics bending,
We gaze on the last gift of one we loved best.

The sight of some trifle endeared by affection,
Calls back hours of rapture and bliss that have fled,
Yet bitters our cup with the dark recollection,
That one fondly cherished now sleeps with the dead.

Thus oft far from home, will some melody breaking
Upon the lone exile, restore childhood's days,
The songs of his youth in remembrance awaking
Past joys that were hallowed by hope's golden rays.

But tho' music sweet may pour forth strains of gladness,
Enchanting the ear like a bright fairy spell,
Each echoed refrain seems a wild wail of sadness,
Recalling the anguish of love's last farewell.

She's Gone.

SHE'S gone ! and for ever the hope that was beaming
 Of unalloyed gladness is withered and dead ;
 Like pleasures that steal o'er the senses while dreaming,
 Then vanish when brightest, the vision has fled.

She's gone ! and the transports in which I delighted
 Have faded away, and no longer appear ;
 Like meteors that dazzle the traveller benighted,
 Then burst into gloom, leaving darkness more drear.

Woe, woe to that morning of heart-break and anguish,
 That dawned on the spoiler who bore her away :
 A rose-bud torn off in its beauty to languish,
 And shed its sweet perfume, then sink in decay.

Ah, never again shall this breast glow with gladness,
 The joy of my bosom for ever is fled ;
 Time yields no relief, nor can aught soothe my sadness,
 Till sorrow is hushed in the grave's silent bed.



Lay of the Loom.

THE drooping rose at the lattice high
Hath blushed awhile in the sun's faint ray ;
But the stricken flower must pining die,
And its soul of fragrance pass away.
Dark hangs the fog o'er the city walls,
And no feathered minstrel carols there ;
The strain alone on the ear that falls
Is the changeless hum of toil and care.
For wheels revolve, and shuttles fly fast,
And the furnace fire burns bright all day,
And hands must labour, while strength doth last,
That trade may flourish, tho' health decay.

In an attic lone, at vesper hour,
A maiden weepeth o'er rose leaves shed ;
From a rural home she had brought the flower,
'Twas her only friend, and alas ! 'tis dead.
But why repine o'er a faded rose ?
For waking grief there's no time to spare ;
'Tis better to soothe, in brief repose,
An aching heart, and for work prepare.

For wheels revolve, and shuttles fly fast,
And the furnace fire burns bright all day,
And hands must labour, while strength doth last,
That trade may flourish, tho' health decay.

Gay summer's gone, the autumnal blast
Sighs sadly through the far distant trees,
While the yellow-tinted leaves fly past
Like withered hopes, on life's chilly breeze.
For a poorhouse ward, till death to stay,
The weaver hath left her working loom,
And another rose has passed away
From a cheek once fresh with ruddy bloom.
Yet wheels revolve, and shuttles fly fast,
And the furnace fire burns bright all day,
And hands must labour, while strength doth last,
That trade may flourish, tho' health decay.

The churchyard stands on a rising hill ;
The parish doctor, tho' poor, is kind ;
Her last request he must now fulfil—
"To her native sod to be consigned."
For she would not sleep 'midst the noise and gloom
Of that busy town, but fain would rest,
'Neath God's blue sky, in a grass-grown tomb,
With the wild rose budding o'er her breast.
While wheels revolve, and shuttles fly fast,
And the furnace fire burns far away,
Where hands must labour, while strength doth last,
That trade may flourish, tho' life decay.

Unrequited Love.

THERE is a true, but weary heart, throbs fondly still for thee,
Tho' shades of sorrow hang around, and dark his lot must be ;
For sad and hapless is the fate of one who strives in vain,
By vows of endless love and truth affection to obtain.

LIKE a frail bark at midnight hour, alone, and far from shore,
Becalmed beneath a starless sky, while dark clouds gather o'er,
So fares the man whose sunless soul ne'er caught one genial ray,
Who lives unloved, without hope's gleam to cheer his onward
way.

Exeter Cathedral.

WITHIN that old cathedral pile,
 Where heads, in sculpture rare,
 With flowing locks, in tranquil smile
 Look down on those at prayer ;
 When, through monastic arches grey,
 The light grows faintly dim,
 I love to rest at close of day,
 And hear the vesper hymn.

The choristers, in vestments white,
 Now, with united voice,
 (Symbolic of the angels bright
 That round God's throne rejoice),
 Pour forth their holy song of praise
 To Him who rules on high,
 Whose word the righteous dead shall raise
 To join Him in the sky.

And, as the sun's last parting ray
 Falls on that window grand,
 And brightens up the saints, as they
 In Gothic glory stand,
 I know a saint is near to bless
 Her loved, tho' erring, son,
 And, kneeling, pray in thankfulness—
 Father ! Thy will be done,



Ode to the Memory of Mary McCracken.*

I KNEW her worth, and joy'd to call her friend,
For she indeed to all was good and kind,
And when 'twas known that sickness or distress
Had crossed the threshold of the lonely poor,
She, like an angel, sped on mercy's wings
To whisper words of comfort, peace, and hope.
Then, if remorseless want had swept away
The "Household Gods" of bright and happy days,
Her hand was ready, and she freely gave
Help to the friendless in their hour of need.
Through lanes and alleys, which the sun ne'er blest,
Her presence shed a holy, hallow'd light ;
Brighter, perchance, because in years gone by
Of grief's dark cup she'd drained the bitter dregs.
In sorrow's mould her youthful days were cast,
So, well she knew what 'twas to mourn and weep—
Full fifty years had left their furrowed tracks,

* The devoted sister of Henry Joy McCracken, who commanded the United Irishmen at the Battle of Antrim, 7th June, 1798.

And dimmed the brilliant lustre of her eye,
Since, with a bursting heart and throbbing brain,
She heard the fatal mandate, "He must die!"
And, midst the awed, but sympathising crowd,
Beheld her dearest brother led to death.
What tongue can tell? what words or thoughts pourtray
The agony which seared her inmost soul,
As to her Harry's arm she hopeless clung,
A partner in his last sad walk on earth?
And when 'twas o'er, tho' friends shrank back in fear,
She followed to his grave the martyred dead,
And, horror-stricken, heard—with hollow sound—
The first clods fall upon his coffin lid;
Then reason fled and consciousness grew dim—
Dark as the sepulchre of him she loved.

* * * * *

Now she is gone, and severed is the chain
Which linked our generation to the past;
The stricken and oppressed no more shall hear
A voice that soothed so oft the bed of woe;
But though 'tis hushed, a record still survives,
Shrined in the annals of a Nation's wrongs;
Where Erin's daughters yet unborn, may trace
A type of all in woman, good and great.



Sleep in Peace.

In affectionate remembrance of Mary Steuart, relict of the late Thomas Charles Steuart Corry, Rockcorry Castle, Co. Monaghan ;

Born at Brandon, Suffolk, May 23rd, 1795 ;

Died at Belfast, Ireland, November 2nd, 1871.

“Sleep on, sleep on—I try to check
Each murmur of my heart ;
But yet 'twas hard, my own beloved,
'Twas hard from thee to part.”

H. Trusdell.

SLEEP in peace, O ! dearest mother :

Thou art happy, thou art blest—

Earthly carés and sorrows ended,

Naught can break thy holy rest.

Sleep in peace, O ! dearest mother :

Tho' I now thy loss deplore,

Fleeting time will re-unite us—

Thou art only gone before.



Elegiac Acrostic,

To the Memory of the late Hugh Dunbar, Esq., of Banbridge.

“God’s finger touched him and he slept.”

Tennyson.

H ow peaceful rests the worthy dead ; he sleeps
 U nruffled by the storm that rages here !
 G one from this world of strife, his spirit reaps
 H onours, untarnished by regret, or fear.

D eath aimed the shaft, and tho’ our grief be vain,
 U rned in our hearts, his memory shall dwell ;
 N o more may we behold his like again,
 B ut goodly deeds that live, his praise shall tell,
 A nd children’s children yet proclaim afar,
 R evered by all, the name of HUGH DUNBAR !

Moral Death.

WHEN youth and beauty, tempted sore,
 Strays thoughtlessly from virtue's track,
 Though friends, with streaming eyes implore,
 'Tis hard to win the straggler back.

When perjured lips false hopes inspire,
 And love burns with unhallowed flame,
 What tears can quench that fatal fire,
 Or purify a tarnished name?

For, as the Eastern tree of death
 Allures its victim to his doom,
 Who, poisoned by its noxious breath,
 Finds 'neath the Upas shade a tomb :

So fares the young and artless maid
 Who listens to the tempter's wile,
 And finds too late, when once betrayed,
 That poison lurked in every smile.

To draw the lost one to the fold
 Parental prayers may oft ascend ;
 But, like a torrent uncontrolled,
 In death's dark gulf her course must end !

And though a form may linger here,
 With beauty's mantle o'er it spread,
 The semblance only doth appear
 Of one who lived, but now is dead.

Elegy.

(J. R., formerly of Belfast, died in Melbourne, Australia, 1877.)

“But there was weeping far away ;
And gentle eyes for him,
With watching many an anxious day,
Were sorrowful and dim.”

Bryant.

In a foreign land there sleepeth,
One, who was my boyhood's pride ;
O'er his grave no fond eye weepeth,
'Twas 'mid strangers that he died.
None was there to smooth death's pillow,
None to soothe that bed of pain ;
Friends beloved, far o'er the billow,
Prayed in hope, but hoped in vain.

Yet, familiar scenes awaking
Mem'ry's tones that slumbered long,
Oft, upon my senses breaking
Like the strains of an old song,
May recall past days of gladness,
When I sported blithe and free,
• In youth's sunshine, void of sadness,
With that friend I ne'er shall see.



Robert Burns.

A CENTENARY POEM.

January 15, 1859.

ONE hundred summers have their foliage spread,
And ripened into bloom each budding flower ;
One hundred winters have those blossoms shed,
And wreathed with crystal gems each leafless bower,
Since he, whose natal day we now proclaim,
Awoke to life, 'mid Scotia's mountains wild ;
While genius twined her bays, to crown with fame
Nature's born-laureate, her own dear child.

Cold, stern misfortune, like the shades of night,
Spread a dark mantle o'er his earthly way ;
But his proud spirit, as a meteor bright,
Burst through that gloom, with clear and dazzling ray.
Gold he ne'er courted, honours he despised
Dimmed by the tarnish of a blush of shame ;
Manhood's nobility alone he prized,
And gained his mead—an honest poet's name.

Many now moulder in forgotten graves,
Once serfs of fashion, wealth, and pride combined,
Who, like frail barks upon the ocean waves,
Have passed away, nor left a trace behind.
But Burns, thy name, beloved in every clime,
Shrined in the hearts of peasants and of peers,
Shall gain fresh lustre in the lapse of time,
Gleaming more brightly through the mist of years.



I would not be an Anchorite.

I WOULD not be an anchorite, and dwell
 In a dark cave, secluded and alone,
 With nought to break the silence of my cell
 Save the wind's murmur, or the ocean's moan.

The universe is but a garden fair,
 Blooming with beauteous flowers, of fragrance sweet ;
 Then let us wander through this gay parterre,
 And cull the choicest blossoms that we meet.

'Tis true that weeds and noxious plants abound,
 Pregnant with danger, poison in their breath ;
 And, masked in sweetest perfume, oft is found
 The subtle essence of disease and death.

But, shunning evil, let us journey on,
 Exploring here and there, fresh joys to find ;
 Without a pang, for pleasures that are gone ;
 Plucking no flower that leaves a sting behind.

I knew her, when her Mind was Pure.

I KNEW her, when her mind was pure
And spotless as the snow of morn,
When tender love expands the soul,
As ope's the gentle flower at dawn.

She crossed my path in after years,
But ah ! how changed, that form so fair ;
The spoiler's hand had plucked the rose,
And left behind, the thorn—despair.



Last Love.

"Oh ! why did you weave this wild spell round my heart ?
Why give me those hopes that so soon must depart ?
Did you think, that like others, my spirit could bend
And be in a moment a lover or friend ?"

Avon.

I LOVED her once—I love her still—
But mine she ne'er can be ;
Yet, my last breath shall bless her name,
Though she proved false to me.

How could a form so young and fair
Conceal a heart untrue ?
Or falsehood find a resting-place
In eyes of azure blue ?

How could a voice, whose accents stole
Like music through my brain,
Elate my soul with fondest hopes,
Then spurn me in disdain ?

LOST LOVE.

Her smile was but a covert snare,
To steal my peace away ;
Her beauty, like the aconite,
Bloomed brightly but to slay.

Yet, were she to return to me,
And be mine own again,
I'd welcome to my aching heart
The author of its pain ;

I'd fold the lost one in my arms,
Soothing her cares to rest ;
And strive to heal the wound, remorse,
That rankled in her breast.

But this can never, never be,
For in a distant land,
Regardless of her early vows,
Another claims her hand.

And I, who lived but in the light
That from her beauty shone,
Have nothing left to hope for now,
Since all I prized is gone !





The Workhouse.

"Blessed is he that considereth the poor : the Lord will deliver him in time of trouble."—PSALM xli.

FROM the day in which the late Charles Dickens, in his realistic and attractive tale of "Oliver Twist," first initiated the British public into the mysteries of the internal management of Workhouses in general, the care and comfort of our suffering poor have frequently formed subjects of grave attention ; and it was hoped that the improved system of rule introduced into pauper establishments, by the Local Government Board, had long since swept away all abuses. However, during the winter of 1877, the inhabitants of an important Irish town were much shocked, and scandalised, by revelations made at their local Board of Guardians, disclosing the fact that great official austerity was exercised towards the unfortunate inmates of the Workhouse, and that in many instances destitute applicants for admission to that institution, including men, women, and helpless infants, were allowed to lie for entire nights outside the gates, unpitied, and unrelieved, exposed to the severity of the most inclement weather.

A STATELY old pile is the workhouse gray,
That stands on the sloping hill,
With its well-tilled grounds, and its gardens gay,
And casements that glance in the sunny ray,
Like spray from a mountain rill.

But, tho' bright and fair as a gilded tomb,
Foul corruption lurks within,
Where sorrow's sad victims, immured in gloom,
In poverty's garments, fulfil the doom
Of misfortune, crime, or sin.

A stern, hard-lined chief, is the master who
Holds rule o'er this hapless den,
And whose nod is law to the motley crew,
Society's outcasts, with comforts few,
Those shades of once stalwart men.

Through day-room, and ward, his harsh mandates roar,
Like gusts of a chill north wind,
They freeze the warm blood to the heart's deep core
Of hundreds who ne'er shall know freedom more,
Nor list to a voice that's kind.

* * * * *

The Board-day arrives, and the Guardians meet
In their grand and spacious hall,
Right blandly the chairman then takes his seat,
Looks round in his pride, and, with air discreet,
Gives a courteous bow to all.

The work then begins—at the Board appear
The young, frail, and aged poor ;
Maid, widow, and orphan, bowed down with fear—
Who, hopeless, heartbroken, no friend to cheer,
Seek shelter within that door.

Yet oft a rude joke, ere the work is done,
To the scene will mirth impart—
And with Guardians who relish vulgar fun,
From tainted lips a coarse jest, or pun,
Gains more than a bursting heart.

The weak must succumb, and to strength give way—
'Tis a law ordained by fate—
So, while noisy clamour oft gains the day,
The weary and helpless are turned away,
To pine at the workhouse gate.

'Tis hard that relief should be thus denied,
When within there's room for all ;
Or that scoffing lips should the grief deride
Of those weeping ones who, their shame to hide,
Ask refuge inside that wall.

'Tis hard that the poor, in this Christian land,
For a crust in vain should crave ;
And that ruthless man, with despotic hand,
When with brief power armed, should that prayer withstand,
When his word a life might save.



Early Friends.

THE dearest friends I ever knew,
 Were those who cheered life's early Spring ;
 They hallowed with affection true,
 Those fleeting hours, that soon took wing.

Then Summer came, with perfumed breath,
 Still friends were near my joys to share ;
 None thought of sorrow, dreamed of death,
 Nor was there yet a vacant chair.

The Autumn tide of life stole on ;
 The fruit matured dropped from each tree,
 As God recalled those, one by one,
 Who blessed my youth and infancy.

'Tis Winter now, and I am left
 The last frail link in friendship's chain,
 A withered branch, of leaves bereft,
 Uncared for, I alone remain.

A few short months, it may be years,
 And I shall mingle with the clay,
 All earthly troubles, hopes, and fears,
 A rainbow shadow, passed away.

Then, in a clime where true friends meet,
 A home where they shall part no more,
 Again, I'll join in converse sweet
 With friends whose loss I now deplore.

A Reverie.

I HAVE left the gay and busy world
 For the churchyard dark and lone,
 There to trace the names of early friends
 On each gray and moss-grown stone.

Calmly they rest, 'neath the elm-tree's shade,
 Where the grass grows rank and wild ;
 Yet I see them as in days of old,
 When I sported as a child.

Time's storms have ravaged that lone churchyard,
 Defacing each sculptured tomb ;
 But on mem'ry's page departed friends
 Appear, in their pristine bloom ;

And night's visions oft recal again
 Those blest ones, my boyhood's pride—
 The loved and the fair, long passed away—
 Who in youth's bright sunshine died.

Forsaken.

AND is it thus, that I must part
From one so dearly, fondly loved?
Can naught avert the cruel dart,
Or teach my soul to be unmoved?
Oh! for a draught from Lethe's lake,
To drink oblivion to the past;
Or, that this bursting heart would break,
And end a life too sad to last:

For then, perchance, when years have fled,
A latent spark might linger yet,
Of pity for the silent dead,
To wring a tribute of regret
From those bright eyes I thought mine own;
Till, in despair, I madly proved,
When left uncared for and alone,
What 'twas to love, yet be unloved.



Little Georgie's Grave.

During a sojourn in the city of Montreal, Lower Canada, I paid a visit to the Cemetery, which is beautifully situated on the side of the mountain overhanging that town. Many of the monuments are of the most elaborate and costly description ; but one, from its simplicity, attracted my special attention. At the head of a child's grave, on which bloomed many gay flowers, was a plain stone, bearing the following inscription :—

“LITTLE GEORGIE : DIED 1859.”

A MOTHER sat beside the bed
On which her boy was laid,
And viewed with agonising heart
Life's fleeting shadow fade.

The hectic-flush on his pale face,
The glazed and sunken eye,
Proclaimed, though masked in beauty's garb,
The angel, death, was nigh.

The veil of night was falling fast
On stately Montreal,
And darkness shrouded all at last,
As with a sable pall.

LITTLE GEORGIE'S GRAVE.

Still that fond mother kept her watch
O'er one she loved more dear
Since he was gone, whose manly voice
Was wont her soul to cheer.

Slowly the solemn vigils passed,
Until the break of day
With its bright orb returned once more
To chase the gloom away.

A sunbeam through the casement stole,
It fell on a pale cheek,
And on blanched lips, which never more
Should part to smile, or speak ;

For the pure spirit of that child,
So lovely, young and fair,
Had passed away from earth to heaven,
To meet a father there.

* * * * *

Upon the verdant mountain's side
There is a simple grave,
Decked with sweet flowers, while, all around
Tall trees their foliage wave ;

Few are the words on the plain stone
Maternal love supplied ;
They briefly tell the fatal year
When little Georgie died.

Fancy's Dream.

SOFT as the gentle Summer breeze
That fans the blushing flower,
Or whispers 'mongst the waving trees
At evening's rosy hour,
Is sweet remembrance of the past,
And friends we called our own,
Ere hopes that shone too bright to last,
On time's sad wings had flown.

Oft, in the Winter of our days,
Fond mem'ry will restore,
And with her wand the fabric raise,
Young hope had reared before ;
Tho', like the mirrored scene we view
Upon a sunlit stream,
'Tis but a shade—fair, yet untrue—
A fancy-painted dream !

My Destiny.

CHILDHOOD's bright dreams have long since fled ;
The springs of youth are parched and dry ;
Old age creeps on, yet I've done naught
To leave a name that shall not die.

Though I may live till hoary time
Shall plough my brow with furrows deep,
When dead, no dirge shall sound my praise,
No maiden o'er my sorrows weep.

Like a dark river rolling on
To mingle with a darker sea,
Leaving no record of its course—
Such is my hapless destiny.

And if, perchance, when I am gone,
Fair flowers should o'er my ashes bloom,
Shedding sweet perfume round my grave,
They'll blossom on an unknown tomb.



The Dead Pauper.

There is a large town in the North of Ireland, famous for its charitable benevolence to foreign missions, proud of the magnificent contributions it can raise on behalf of the famine-stricken inhabitants of Bengal, China, or Japan; and rigidly strict in its due observance of the Sabbath. One Summer morning I visited the Union Workhouse attached to this important city, and truly found myself in "the valley of the shadow of death"—disease being rampant, and the consequent mortality much greater than I could have anticipated. What particularly attracted my attention was the primitive manner in which the unclaimed dead were disposed of by those in authority; and I shall briefly describe a pauper funeral, as witnessed by me upon this occasion. In the ordinary market cart of the establishment was placed a rough shell, of coarse deal, containing the mortal remains of an unfortunate waif of society, about to be conveyed to the grave. The procession consisted of a pauper driver, and two pauper attendants who followed in the rear, armed with spade and shovel, in order to complete the obsequies of their former comrade. No relative, or paid official, accompanied the melancholy *cortege*, as, with cart creaking a sad dirge, it slowly wended its way through the back gate of the Workhouse, and over the unpaved road leading to a badly-fenced field, which formed the lonely place of sepulchre. Here a long deep pit, or trench, had been dug for the reception of a large number of coffins, and the body of the unknown dead, having been hastily deposited in the excavation, without prayer, or other religious ceremony, a few shovelfuls of earth were thrown in, and thus ended the Pauper's funeral.

"Requiescat in Pace."

THE season is sickly, for trade has been bad,
And homes are deserted that work oft made glad ;
The hum of bright spindles has long ceased to sound,
The blithe songs of spinners no longer resound ;
The workhouse is crowded, the rating is high,
Officials are saucy, ill-fed inmates die,
The fond ties of kindred are riven by men,
The wife torn from husband she'll ne'er meet again.

'Tis evening, from out of his afternoon nap
The chaplain is roused by a loud double rap,
Bright dreams of preferment quick vanish in air—
“ Well ! what do you want ? 'Tis too bad, I declare,
To be thus disturbed—Oh ! a pauper is ill,
If so, sure the doctor can give him a pill ;
You say he is dying, so then I *must* go ;
A plague on these paupers, they bother one so.”

The chaplain arrives, quickly reads a short prayer,
Then leaves the vile ward, to his club to repair,
With clerical chums to discuss latest news,
Of church-glebe endowments, or missions to Jews ;
No thought of the pauper e'er enters his brain,
Who, writhing in anguish, in sorrow and pain,
Neglected, forsaken by all here below,
Craves pardon from God, who can still mercy show.

'Tis past : for another the bed is fresh made,
A corse on a slab in the dead-house is laid,
A rough, unplanned coffin, without note or name,
Encloseth a body that no friend doth claim ;

A nurse is relieved from night duty, glad soul,
A unit erased from the diet'ry roll ;
A spirit immortal hath left its cold clay,
To face its Creator in realms far away.

'Tis morn, the sun brightly illumines the scene,
And Nature appears in her gay robe of green ;
The essence of summer is borne on the breeze,
And birds sweetly carol with joy 'mongst the trees.
The old workhouse porter, so stern, grim and gray,
Throws open his gate for a cart to make way,
Which creaks, jolts, and rumbles along the rough road,
En route for the pauper's last silent abode.

The graveyard is neared, but no chaplain attends
To pray o'er the lone-one, who died without friends ;
For why should a service be read o'er the dead,
He was but a pauper, on charity fed ?
Well ! open the pit, tho' the soil be unblest,
'Twill harm not the sleeper, nor break his long rest,
Who, tho' he may rot in unsanctified ground,
Shall wake to new life when the last trump shall sound.



Childhood's Days.

THERE was a time, when I was young,
That Nature bloomed in tints so fair,
Like fairy tale, by minstrel sung—
The future seemed a gay parterre,
Where sunny flowers in beauty smiled;
But this was when I was a child.

Childhood's bright hours soon passed away,
As green buds blossom but to die;
Hope's star no longer sheds its ray,
And care has scorched youth's fountain dry.
The sunny flowers that round me smiled,
Died when I ceased to be a child.

There's Music in the Silver Stream.

THERE'S music in the silver stream
 That ripples through the glen,
 And sparkles in the sun's bright beam,
 Far from the haunts of men ;
 There's music in the zephyr soft
 That murmurs through green trees,
 While fragrant flowers sweet incense waft
 Upon the Summer breeze ;
 But there's a strain whose tender spell
 With anguish fills the heart—
 It is the whispered, fond farewell,
 Of friends compelled to part.

There's music in the curling waves
 That break upon the shore,
 As madly, o'er deep ocean caves,
 The mighty waters roar ;
 There's music in the storm's wild blast,
 That shrieks into the soul,
 As, 'neath God's arch, by clouds o'ercast,
 The dreadful thunders roll ;
 But there's a strain can joy impart,
 Tho' tempests rage around—
 'Tis from the lips and throbbing heart
 Of one long lost, but found.



(Written in a copy of the Choralist, presented by the Author).

OH ! may that gifted one, to whom is sent
 This humble tribute of a faithful friend,
 Be guarded safe, through scenes of wordly care
 To joys immortal, that shall never end ;

And, when those lips, which now breathe hymns of praise,
 Lie cold and silent 'neath the green grass sod,
 Another spirit, in the Heavenly choir,
 Shall sing " Hosanna ! to the living God."



And dost thou Say.

AND dost thou say thou'rt paler grown
Than when I fondly called thee mine,
And that the beauteous rose hath flown,
Which blossomed on that cheek of thine?

And dost thou say that grief and care
Have dimmed the lustre of that eye,
Which beamed on me so bright and fair,
Like Spring's first flower of azure dye?

And dost thou say that they have sought
To vilify a spotless name,
And, in their envy, breathed a thought
To cloud the mirror of thy fame?

And dost thou think time's scorching beam,
Or former beauty passed away,
Can parch the source of love's pure stream,
Or cause my passion to decay?

No, dearest ! though the ruddy hue
Hath left thy cheek, while grief and fears
Have laved those orbs of faithful blue
In sorrow's bath of briny tears ;

Though slander's tongue, with waspish hate,
Which poison sips from sweetest flowers,
Has, aided by malignant fate,
Aimed its dread sting at virtue's bowers ;

Though early hopes, once bright, now gone,
Like childhood's joys may disappear,
My love for thee, and thee alone,
Shall strengthen with each passing year ;

And though false hearts may strive, in vain,
To rend thine image from my breast,
There it is fixed, and shall remain
Till wordly cares are hushed to rest.



Eliza's Dead.

“And I said, Oh that I had wings like a dove ! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.”—PSALM lv.

I HEARD a whisper, soft as zephyr's moan :
 “Eliza's dead, and thou art left alone !”
 Dead ! can it be ? my joy, my guide, my life,
 My only earthly friend, my darling wife !—
 I started from my couch, 'twas but a dream,
 Yet Oh ! how truthful did that vision seem—
 Then quick the light flashed through my fevered brain,
 Yes, she is dead, and hope and grief are vain.

Oh ! had I thought that she could ever die,
 I'd crushed the word that e'er could wake a sigh ;
 But I believed her not of mortal mould.
 How still she lies, how peaceful, yet how cold—
 Her placid features bear no print of care,
 These breathless lips that wonted smile still wear,
 As when her happy spirit soared in flight,
 On dove-like wings, to realms of endless light.

In Memoriam.

(Eliza Corry, died December 9th, 1877).

E TERNAL Truth rests in the Lord Most High ;
 L ittle on earth we know, save we must die.
 I n sorrow's hour—when crushed by weight of grief—
 Z eal, and firm faith, alone afford relief.
 A sainted form with us has ceased to be—

C onsigned to Heaven, an angel bright is she !
 O ! may her Christian precepts be our guide,
 R evealing hopes in which she lived and died ;
 R ejoicing in her God, sin's veil she rent,
 Y ielding to Him that breath which was but lent.



Dreams of the Past.

VISIONS restore the long years that have fled,
Lighten my slumber with dreams of the past,
Waft back the perfume affection once shed
Round me in fragrance, too hallowed to last ;
Place me again 'midst my friends as of old,
Seek for the dearest one in yon dark shade,
Sunless, and gloomy, where grass, damp and cold,
Covers the grave where my young hopes were laid.

Chorus of Guardian Spirits :

Visions of former days, joys once so fair,
Smooth from his forehead the furrows of care ;
Darken those tresses by grief made so white,
Banish misfortune, at least for a night.

Girl of my bosom, why linger so long ?
Clasp me, as formerly, close to thy breast ;
Chase away sadness with music and song,
Soothe one who wearily longeth for rest—
Sunshine bursts o'er me, for now thou art near,
Scenes of past rapture before me unroll ;
Radiant and beautiful dost thou appear,
Peerless in purity, light of my soul.

*DREAMS OF THE PAST.**Chorus of Guardian Spirits :*

Quickly, too quickly, the glad hours have flown ;
Night's brilliant fabric must now be o'erthrown,
Dreams fondly treasured at length disappear :
Sleeper, awaken ! the dawning is near.

Morning hath broken; the visions, that shone
Bright thro' night's darkness have melted away ;
Shadows of early hopes, scattered and gone,
Star-like, have faded at first dawn of day.
Farewell ! past pleasures, beloved one, adieu,
Time shall unite us in mansions of peace :
Love's budding flowers shall there blossom anew,
Heartache and mourning for ever shall cease.

Chorus of Guardian Spirits :

Shade of the lost one, who loved him so dear,
Cherish and comfort him whilst he is here ;
And, when from sorrow his spirit finds rest,
Be his glad guide to the realms of the blest.



Resignation.

(Maggie Steuart Corry, died 25th March, 1879, aged 17 years).

OUR gentle, loving Maggie, is at rest :
 Safe in the arms of Jesus she now sleeps,
 Her joyous spirit, by no care oppressed,
 Sweet peace hath found, where sorrow never weeps.

Shall we repine that she was first to go,
 That God, in kindness, called her soon above—
 Breaking a happy circle here below—
 To bear her hence, in token of his love ?

No ! let us rather joy that, anguish past,
 Our darling child hath gained the Heavenly shore ;
 And, tho' for time our hopes are overcast,
 We'll join her soon, to part again no more.

In Remembrance,

*Jane Ireland, of Belfast ;
Died 27th August, 1878,
Aged 35 years.*

WE mourning weep, yet should our tears refrain,
Since faith reveals our loss to her was gain.
All that we cherish here must pass away ;
And choicest flowers droop first in death's decay.

Yet, were we blessed with Heaven's celestial light,
To pierce the veil which dims our mortal sight,
In seraph form, an angel would appear,
Guarding from ill those friends she loved so dear.



Farewell Address

Delivered by Little Nelly Hayes, in the Theatre Royal, Sheffield, on the last representation of the National Entertainment, "Ireland: its Scenery, Music, and Antiquities," October 5th, 1867.

You call me out again : well 'pon my word,
The truth to tell, I think it quite absurd
That I, a peasant girl, just in my teens,
Should tread these boards, oft graced by kings and queens,
With simple songs your leisure to beguile,
And gain perchance the tribute of a smile ;
Here, on the classic spot where Titians' powers,
In dulcet strains, made bright the passing hours ;
In this great town, where wit ne'er flags nor fades,
For Sheffield turns out England's *sharpest blades* ;
That little Nell should meet with friends so dear,
Elates her heart, and drives away all fear.
You've seen to-night, in faithful tints portrayed,
Our native home in sunshine and in shade ;
You've viewed the ruined towers of former days ;
And listen'd to "Old Ireland's" plaintive lays,
Sung by my sisters Ling and Minnie Fell
In tones that soothed like magic's fairy spell ;

And Rainforth, too, in his own lucid style,
Has been your willing guide through "Erin's Isle,"
All in two hours; I think you'll own his pace
Was faster than the late St. Leger race,
When famed Achievement* did her work so well,
That those who backed the Hermit found a *sell* (cell).
And there sits Mr. Holmes, our worthy chief,
Whose instrumental powers exceed belief;
You must confess, now you have heard *him* play,
All Irish minstrels have not passed away.
Ah! there is one I near forgot to mention,
Though really, friends, it was not my intention
To leave him out, for that would be a sin,
I mean the *dacent boy*, called Bry'n O'Lynn;
He is the lad can dance a jig or reel,
And has a heart that's always *true as steel*.
But now, I have a word or two to say
To Sheffield gentlemen, who go away
To Paris Exhibition, or the Rhine,
Famed for its ancient castles and its *wine*—
Just come across and view our country fair,
I'll promise you an Irish welcome there;
And when you've mounted Blarney Castle lone,
Be sure you don't forget to kiss the stone†—
When you come back, the ladies all will say
You're wiser far than when you went away.—
But now, I fear you're wearied with this stuff,
And of my nonsense have had quite enough;

* The winner of the St. Leger, 1867, though Hermit was the first favourite.

† On the top of the north-east angle of Blarney Castle is situated the celebrated "Blarney Stone," which every visitor is expected to kiss, this salutation conferring on the individual the power of flattery; hence the origin of the expressive term, *blarney*.

Besides, it's ten o'clock—an hour, 'tis said,
When all good little girls should be in bed.
But, ere I go, as this night is our last,
Receive my hearty thanks for favours past,
The fairest flower will wither and decay,
And gloom at length must close the brightest day,
And sorrow often comes when joy is o'er,
And friends must part, perchance to meet no more ;
But, though I separate from hearts so true,
My thoughts, dear Sheffield, shall remain with you ;
And grateful still I hope you'll ever find
One who regrets to leave such friends behind.



The Maiden's Song.

ONE morning, as I wandered across a flowery vale,
In grief a hapless damsel poured forth her plaintive tale ;
The gay lark carolled blithely upon his gentle wing,
As tunefully, in sadness, I heard the maiden sing :

Refrain :

“ When shall this spirit be at rest, and weary life be o’er ;
The sun that lighted up my soul hath set to rise no more.”

“ Mourn not, my fair young damsel,” in kindly tones, I said ;
“ Why thus, in lonely anguish, should beauty’s tears be shed ?”
Said she, “ My love hath left me, I’ll ne’er behold him more :
He’s gone to seek one fairer, on some far distant shore.”

Refrain :

“ When shall this spirit be at rest, and weary life be o’er ;
The sun that lighted up my soul hath set to rise no more.”

“ Maiden, if he hath left thee, pine not ’neath sorrow’s blast,
With some more faithful lover you’ll soon forget the past ;”
She answered, “ Tho’ forsaken, my heart to him is true ;
I ne’er can wed another, tho’ honest lips should woo.”

Refrain :

“ When shall this spirit be at rest, and weary life be o’er ;
The sun that lighted up my soul hath set to rise no more.”



War Song.

THE trumpet sounds, to arms ! to arms !
To meet the foe we'll march along ;
No dread have we of war's alarms—
Let's gladly join the martial throng.
The lion of our native land
In slothful rest no more shall lay ;
He's roused, no power his might can stand—
His roar spreads terror and dismay.

Proudly let England's banner wave
O'er Britain's heroes, tried and true ;
With hearts so honest, firm, and brave,
The world shall see what we can do.

We go the captive to release,
And rend the despot's dungeon chain,
Then we'll return, in joyful peace,
To greet old friends at home again.
Quick, onward press, with flashing steel,
Our rifles soon our foes shall hear ;
Their startled host must, quaking, reel
Before a hearty British cheer.

WAR SONG.

Proudly let England's banner wave
O'er Britain's heroes, tried and true ;
With hearts so honest, firm, and brave,
The world shall see what we can do.

The fair ones whom we leave behind,
Their charms we'll toast in ruddy wine—
In faith that they'll be good and kind
Till round the dears our arms entwine.
Then march along, our cause is right,
The flag we love now floats on high—
For liberty alone we fight ;
For freedom we're prepared to die.

Proudly let England's banner wave
O'er Britain's heroes, tried and true ;
With hearts so honest, firm, and brave,
We'll win another Waterloo !



Louis Napoleon, Prince Imperial of France

Born at the Tuilleries, Paris, 16th March, 1856;

Killed in a skirmish, near Itelezi, Zululand, 1st June, 1879;

Interred at Chislehurst, England, 12th July, 1879.

How died the Prince? Fell he in war, upon the tented plain,
While hundreds of his body-guard around their chief lay slain?
Was it by shot, or shell, or sword, 'mid battle's fiery breath,
That England's ally, France's hope, alas! was "done to death?"

No! not where cannons fiercely blazed, but in ignoble strife,
Butchered by ruthless savages was he bereft of life,
No bold and fearless hearts were there the Zulu horde to quell,
And rescue from destruction's grasp a youth all loved so well.

For, scared by foes in ambuscade, in wild and hopeless dread,
Scattered as by a thunderbolt, his frightened comrades fled;
And when those friends, now reinforced, returned at break of day,
Too late to succour, or to save, his corse they bore away.

At Chislehurst, far o'er the sea, a widowed mother weeps:
She mourns a gallant son, who now in death's deep slumber
sleeps;

A nation's voice of sympathy no comfort can impart,
No soothing words can fill the void left in her breaking heart.

Then let the British flag be furled, or hoisted half-mast high,
And through the length and breadth of France let tears bedew
each eye,

For a bright star hath disappeared, that shone with hopeful ray,
And the rude dart, by savage aimed, hath slain a dynasty.

Plymouth's Welcome to the Prince of Wales

*Sung by Miss Nelly Hayes, and Chorus, at St. James' Hall, Plymouth,
on the occasion of the Visit of His Royal Highness, August, 1874.*

HAIL! hail! Royal Prince, son of one beloved dearly,
Accept the glad homage of thy loyal town;
With hearts full of joy we now welcome sincerely,
The hope of great England's proud sceptre and crown.
From Plymouth's famed Hoe, from the fleet on her waters,
From fields rich in verdure, o'er mountains, o'er dales,
Old Devon's brave sons, and her fair bright-eyed daughters,
Now greet with fond rapture their own Prince of Wales.

Then let us all join in a loud hearty cheer,
To welcome the Prince who to us is so dear;
We'll laugh, we'll be merry, and drive away care,
And toast Albert Edward, the Queen's Royal Heir.

Hail! hail! Royal Prince, may kind Providence bless thee,
And be thy safe Guardian through long years of joy;
May sorrow's dark clouds ne'er arise to depress thee,
Nor aught the bright gold of thy sunshine alloy.
May Britain's brave freemen, in peace, or in danger,
(Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, in union combined),
Be ready to welcome a friend, and the stranger
Who flies to their shore still a safe refuge find.

Then let us all join in a loud hearty cheer,
To welcome the Prince who to us is so dear;
We'll laugh, we'll be merry, and drive away care,
Long live Albert Edward, the Queen's Royal Heir,

Lost.

OH ! had I ne'er beheld thy form,
Free from distracting care and madness,
Smoothly life's stream had glided on,
'Mid blissful scenes of hope and gladness ;

But cruel, stern, remorseless fate,
Ordaining we should meet to sever,
Grasped the pure cup of joy we sipped,
Then dashed it from our lips for ever.

Matrimonial Pitty.

To a man what a curse 'tis, for better or worse,
 To be ruled and befooled by a wrangling wife ;
 His couch, when he dozes, is not one of roses—
 For, altho' soft as down, 'tis a hotbed of strife.
 Her tongue ne'er at peace is, it's rancour ne'er ceases,
 But will cut like a razor, well polished and keen ;
 She mopes and she mutters, while each word she utters
 Is the extract and essence of venom and spleen.

She prates of Job's patience, and her grand relations,
 And will oft hint her fate has been linked to a fool ;
 His grog she'll refuse him, get tight, and abuse him,
 For the things she believes in are rant and home rule.
 To a man what a curse 'tis, for better or worse,
 To be ruled and befooled by a wrangling wife ;
 To live without quiet, in turmoil and riot ;
 Better never be born than lead such a sad life.



Mamma says I'm too young to Marry.

THO' only a schoolgirl, just sixteen years old,
Of sweethearts I'm sure I've got twenty,
Who say they adore me (the truth to be told),
A number you'll own that's quite plenty.
Of wedlock's volcano I stand on the brink,
And single I don't wish to tarry ;
I know it's all nonsense; but what do you think ?
Mamma says I'm too young to marry !

I danced with a fellow last night at a ball,
Who vowed that he loved me sincerely,
He picked up a ribbon I chanced to let fall,
And said he would prize it most dearly ;
He promised to write me—I felt my heart sink,
In dread that his note should miscarry ;
I know it's all nonsense; but what do you think ?
Mamma says I'm too young to marry !

To keep such a host of admirers at bay
Is really a task quite perplexing,
When asked by a dozen to name the glad day,
And find that I can't, is so vexing.
At night on my pillow, I don't sleep a wink,
For dreaming of Tom, Jack, and Harry ;
I know it's all nonsense ; but what do you think ?
Mamma says I'm too young to marry.

So now, like a sensible girl, I'm inclined
From these beaus to make a selection,
Tho' would you believe it ? they all are so kind,
To none can I offer objection.
But with some gay spark I my fate must soon link,
No longer advances I'll parry ;
In spite of Ma's nonsense ; for what do you think ?
I'm sure I'm not too young to marry !



Soldiers' Chorus.

(From the Burlesque of "King O'Toole.")

OH ! we are the regular rollicking bricks,
 As free through the wide world we wander ;
 We love on each fair maiden's name to affix
 The seal, that of us makes her fonder.
 We laugh, sing, and frolic, and 'tis our delight
 In good wine to drown every sorrow ;
 We're up to the knocker by day, or by night ;
 Hurrah ! let's ne'er think of to-morrow.

The farmer may boast of his barn stored with grain,
 The miser may gloat o'er his treasure.
 But we from all such sordid feelings refrain,
 To bask in the sunbeam of pleasure.
 Then here's to the damsels, whose eyes shine so bright,
 Dear girls, may their hearts never sorrow ;
 They're up to the knocker, and for them we'll fight ;
 Hurrah ! let's ne'er think of to-morrow.

The End.

ALL things must end : sweet music, dance and song ;
The joys and cares that to this sphere belong ;
Hopes that upraise, griefs that depress, the soul ;
Must terminate in death's eternal goal !



26
End

